# The SPHERE

Vol. CXXII. No. 1601 SEPT. 27, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



# DINNEFORD'S
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# MAGNESIA

**The most suitable laxative for all Ages.**

Dinneford's Magnesia cannot harm the most delicate constitution and has proved highly beneficial in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c. A safe, mild, effective laxative for people of all ages.

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1,100 children are always being maintained.

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*Wine Trade Review.*

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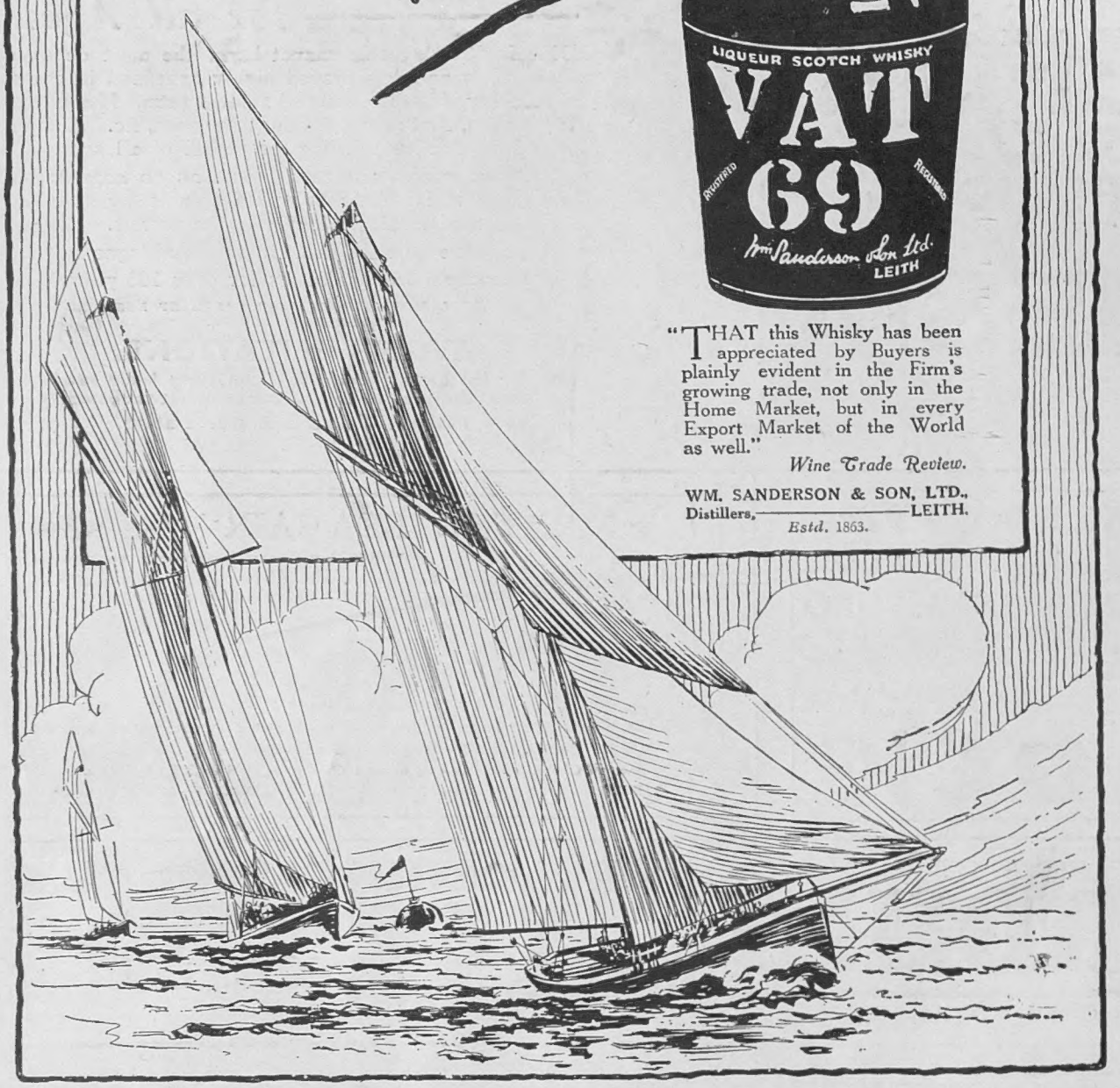

## Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

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*Your Doctor will explain the Danger*

USE ONLY IZAL MEDICATED TOILET ROLLS 6D

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*For Sale at Chemists*

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ASEPTIC PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS

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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
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Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

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*The Dual on Wet Days.*

*The Dual on Fine Days.*

# THE DUAL BURBERRY

Built with Burberry Gabardine one side and fine Wool Coating the other, the Dual Burberry provides the services of two separate Overcoats—

## Smart Tweed Coat for Fine Days, and Reliable Weatherproof for Wet

The design of the Dual makes it suitable for any and every occasion, whilst its weather-resisting properties ensure

## Complete Protection in Every Kind of Weather

Rain, wind, cold and dust all fail to penetrate it, yet it ventilates naturally and is surprisingly light-in-weight.

## For Town, Country, Sport or Travel

the Dual Burberry is perfect, either as a Weatherproof or as Overcoat, and at the same time it is an economical investment as it supplies

## Two Overcoats for the Price of One

*Overcoat Catalogue and patterns of material post free on mention of "THE SPHERE"*

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# Red Hackle WHISKY

The origin of the Black Watch *dates back to 1725, when raised as Highland Rural Police to prevent cattle-lifting. Dubbed the Black Watch because of the dark tartan worn. Awarded the battle honour of wearing the Red Hackle in their bonnets in 1795*

**"RED HACKLE" Whisky**

**originates in the heart of the Highlands.**

**Distilled from rich home-grown barley, "RED HACKLE" has all the essentials of a perfect Whisky.**

**Redolent of peat and heather, and pure, strong mountain air its essence, the very spirit of the malt, kindles the heart and stimulates the brain.**

**Awarded First Prize in competition open to all whiskies at Brewers' Exhibition.**

**Try RED HACKLE and judge for yourself**

**150/- per dozen, carriage paid.**

*Proprietors:* HEPBURN & ROSS, Kelvin House, GLASGOW, W.2

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLANDS — FINEST SPIRIT

SEND for a dozen "RED HACKLE" to-day. If, on sampling, you do not feel you are drinking a better whisky, return the balance at our expense, and have your cheque refunded in full.

*A "Wemco" Fabric*

HE who sports an outfit of "TRICOLINE" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas is conceded to have nice taste in such matters. Privately, he knows that no extra expense is entailed. For his perception, he is repaid with clothing that really lasts. All the best of to-day's stripe effects are included in the range.

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THE EQUAL TO SILK
**SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS**

*ASK TO SEE* "Tricoline" **Weathercoats.**
Rainproof yet Porous. Light yet Warm.

# Golf said the Colonel

**TENNIS** insisted Sir William.
**CROQUET** reproved his lady.
**BOWLS** rumbled the large Stockbroker.
**SQUASH** barked the Major.
**BADMINTON** fluted the famous actress.
**SWIMMING** declaimed the young M.P.
**DANCING** implored his fiancée.
**CINEMA** grinned Smith Minor.

"'Tis well," mused the well-seasoned globe-trotter, "both for their pleasure and for their pockets that they have come to the

# PALACE HOTEL TORQUAY

—and he strolled into the American Bar.

# YES, THIS IS the 'ivory' tip!

Every day more and more smokers are becoming enthusiasts for the 'Ivory' tip—the smoothest and purest of tips, the perfect finish to the fine Virginia cigarette it adorns.

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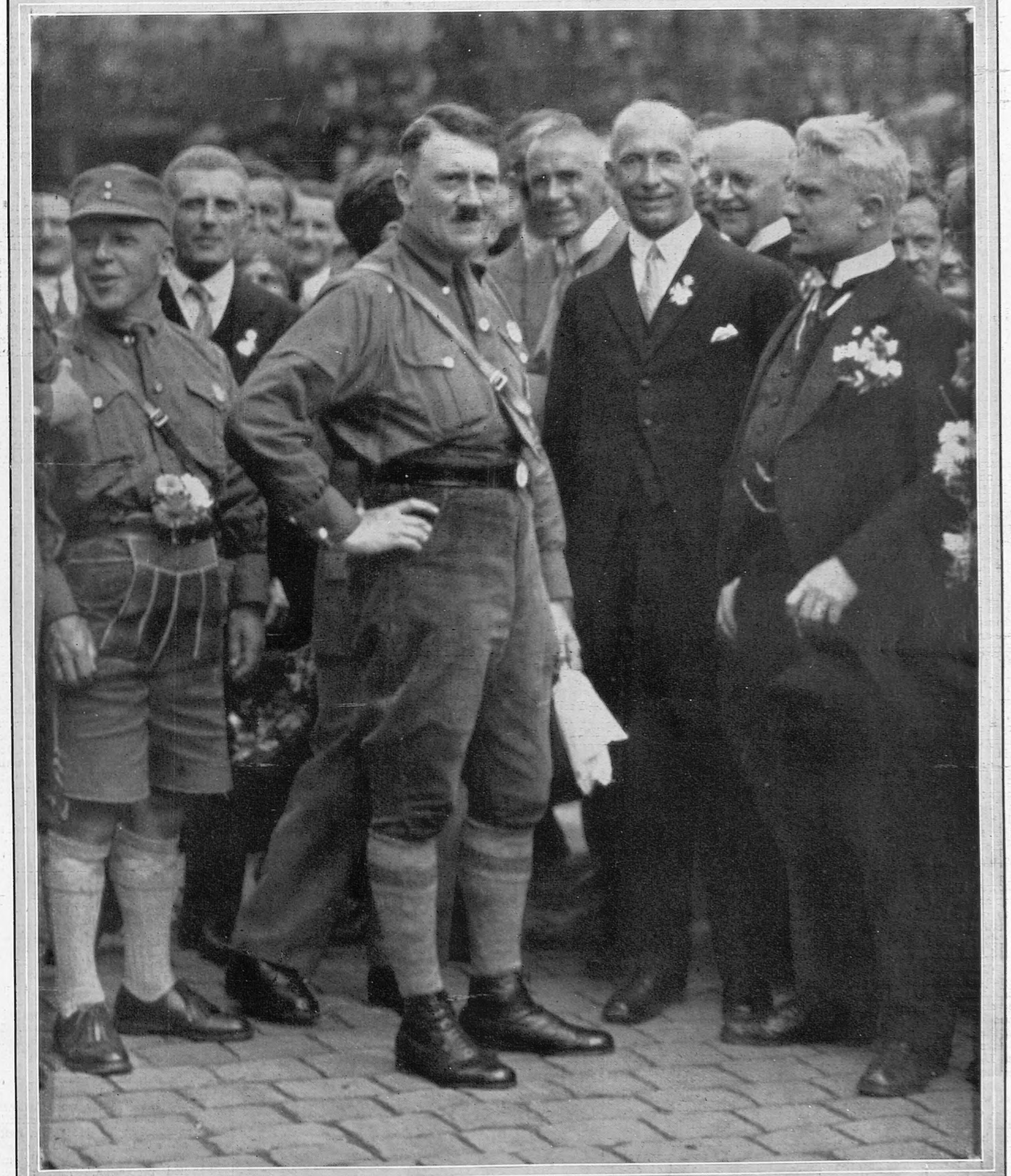
# THE SPHERE

*The Empire's Illustrated Weekly*

*With which is incorporated* BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXXII. No. 1601 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, September 27, 1930

ADOLF HITLER with his two Lieutenants, DR. FRICK and HERR GOTTFRIED FEDER

## ADOLF HITLER

### Whose Sudden Accession to

## POWER IN GERMANY

### has Shaken the Chancelleries of Europe

Adolf Hitler, a fanatical patriot and equally fanatical anti-Semite, has come to the front in fantastic fashion as a result of the recent election. The accession to power of the anti-Governmental and unconstitutional Hitlerite group has stimulated rumours of a *putsch*, and has also caused German securities to crash severely on the Bourses of the world. At the moment Hitler is interviewing personalities likely to be friendly to his cause, and the authorities in Germany have as yet suffered no diminution of their authority. They are keeping a vigilant watch lest Hitler's enthusiasm becomes too unbounded.

# A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 24, 1930.

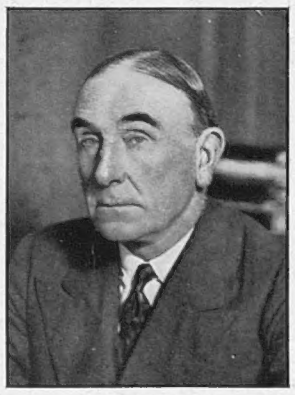
**The Return.**—We come back to the centre of things from the hills and sea with zest renewed to enjoy the interests that belong to the three usually pleasant and easy months which end the year. The revival of political and intellectual ardour, the pleasures of lamplight and firelight, the smoke of bonfires, the crackle of dead leaves, the colour of stubbles, the autumn publications, the new decorated club-rooms and so on. But the times are grave; conferences fraught with consequences are afoot, and one has a curious feeling that England and the Empire we have known in our youth and trembled to observe in the melting pot will, in 1931, emerge in a guise utterly new. The commonplace "nothing will ever be the same again" is shortly to be startlingly justified. A new heaven and a new earth. We are quite prepared for the new heaven—even the bishops have acknowledged the mighty change in our conception of religion since the War; and we are getting resigned to a new and, to the privileged class, a drearier earth. In 1931 we shall realize the details of the changes in our own little corner of it. A new conception of Empire, a new conception of Government, of religion, of morality, of justice, of time and space, of geography, of war, of democracy, of social and family life. In a word, the melting-pot is boiling over, and the contents will shortly be emptied out and left to solidify. Even Mr. Lloyd George thinks so.

**Significant Happenings.** — Several matters of considerable political importance have given us new food for thought, and sharply brought to a stop the holiday season and holiday spirit. The paradoxical Hitler, firstly. The German Chancellor is apparently doing what he can to combine with the Socialists and freeze out Hitler and his following. The paradox is piquant. A fascist whom Mussolini hates and France dreads; helped to success by the industrial princes of Germany who intended him to be a pawn in their own intricate game of politics, only to find him a knight, a bishop, and a castle rolled into one. A true Christian, rattling a sabre and frightening all the old women in Europe. A preacher of morality, urging the breaking of pledges and treaties. A paradox who has proved to us how much on edge still are the nerves of Europe. Next, a less advertised, but profoundly significant event, the convening of this National Council of Industry over the signature of Sir William Morris. You have only to glance at its composition (bigwigs and rising young business men) to know that it means business; and that if to-day the politicians ridicule the idea of progress without the help of politicians, they may sing another tune to-morrow. To this pass have the last two Governments brought the country—and the politicians.

**Down Under Again.** — The Australians are off to enjoy a taste of summer and to get a little cricket! It seems strange that they should look so cheerful with this prospect in view, but they are all hardened sinners and some of them have forgotten that there is such a thing as darkness and cold (except of course at midsummer). So the Cornstalks quit these shores cheerfully, taking their sheaves with them, to wit, one urn of ashes, the ashes of English cricket which may never rest in the grave. Like the Flying Dutchman, our cricket reputation is destined for ever to cross and recross the oceans. Three years ago Australian cricket was at a very low ebb, and the national critics were pointing out all the mistakes which the Australian Board of Control had made and would make. As for England, she had Larwood and an impregnable future. And now the pendulum has swung and all the know-alls are confounded, and that (save for the plethora of know-alls and cricket journalists) is the charm of the ancient game. Sans rancune, good-bye and good luck to them. The best team won.

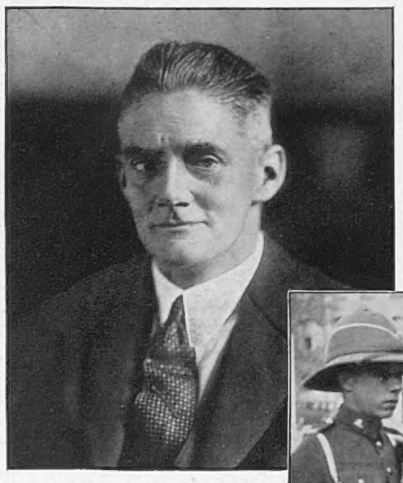
**The Conservative Team.**—The gift of prophecy—that priceless asset—should be exercised rarely. The renewal of political speech-making requires the effort now. Even then the prophet should hedge on the Delphic pattern. All political parties seem to agree that within a year we shall have the inestimable opportunity of once more chosing a Government team—at any rate that we shall have the chance of voting a new party into power and leaving it to that party's inner ring to divide the spoils of office. In the event of the pendulum swinging so far as to re-admit the Conservatives, is it possible that we shall be asked to swallow the old gang entire? I cannot believe it. When next a Conservative Government comes to power, the demand for the Palmerston touch will be insistent. It is quite impossible that Sir Austen will again control foreign affairs, improbable that the irrepressible Winston will cast another budget.

**In the Lead.**—It seems certain that Mr. Neville Chamberlain will play a very important part, whenever the stage be set; Sir Robert Horne will probably be attracted back from the City to the Chancellorship; Lord Lloyd may introduce the Palmerston touch at the Foreign Office; and Major Elliot and Mr. Oliver Stanley will have front-rank parts. Perhaps Lord Melchett also. If half the old gang of place-holders is not scrapped, the play will have a short run. Men of sheer courage and good organizing ability are vitally needed at the Ministries of Labour and Agriculture, at the Board of Trade, the Mines Department, and the Ministry of Transport. To put party hacks or influential Conservative landowners into these offices is to court contempt from the start. It is just possible, while times are bad, that a few business men may be seduced from money-grubbing to public service. And I suppose it is on the cards that Mr. Baldwin, the mature lamb of Westminster, may yet find it possible to lie down with the lions of Fleet Street. The unquestioned power of the Press has before now brought together stranger bedfellows.



TO SUCCEED MR. BALDWIN? Sir Robert Horne has been mentioned as a potential successor to the present leader of the Unionist Party

**A Renewal of Hope.**—Feeling in the City has changed extraordinarily since I last saw London. The little autumn boom, seasonable and inevitable as it was, yet reflects a revival of optimism. Men put much faith in the lesson to be learned from the history of American slumps. Since America emerged to dispute the financial dictatorship of civilization, her slumps have been astonishingly short-lived. We must remember that she has never yet spent her life-blood in a grievous war wound and consequently her recuperative powers are still the envy of the Old World. And if her theory that demand is limitless if production is controlled with imagination be disputable, she has a long rope still coiled and in hand. I share the belief that America will go right ahead again in the next six months. The bad times in the States have shaken out the little men, but have been times of golden opportunity for the substantial millionaires, and by this time next year America will dazzle our eyes again with the statistics of her fabulously rich men. And that golden roll is a great asset to us, for it pours vitally-needed millions into our lap. We cannot get away from the great truth that nothing but a revival in our own vital industries can solve our political problems, but we can for a while warm ourselves before the artificial fire of another American boom.



*Vandyk*

A CLARION CALL TO BUSINESS MEN was sounded by Sir William Morris when he convened the National Council of Industry

L I B. - L A B.: Mr. Lloyd George at the door of No. 10, Downing Street, the spot where many conversations on unemployment have taken place

**A Gallant Failure.**—Sir Thomas Lipton has built his last *Shamrock* and pulled out his last million-dollar bill for that ugly little cup that went west so many decades ago. Has it been worth it? We like to think so. In the good old days the Olympic champions contested for a wreath of laurels. Sir Thomas has thrown a million pounds into the sea on the off-chance of fishing out a commonplace little cup. But (whatever the history of his earlier contests) this last effort has shown that it is "a cup of kindness yet," and that is all to the good. Mr. Vanderbilt and his syndicated yacht have triumphed unequivocally in fair fight. Britain is once more decisively beaten at her own game, but the pleasantest spirit of good fellowship and good sportsmanship prevailed between the rivals and the two countries, and if Sir Thomas has lost the cup he has not lost his panache. He returns "bringing his sheaves with him," to wit, a temper never in danger of being lost, a philosophy proof against all set-backs. We take off our hats to the fine old man.

**The America Cup.**—I was very much struck, in conversation with one or two Americans now in England, by the extraordinary interest taken by every class in the States in the contest. Compared to it the polo Internationals took a very minor place. I gathered that a British victory would have been welcomed by 50 per cent. of all interested Americans. The truth is that the partizan feeling among the five groups competing for the honour to defend the cup ran so high that it outsoared patriotism. The difference in the appeal which yacht-racing makes in the two countries is very clearly shown. Yacht-racing in England interests an infinitesimal section of the public. In America it is a national interest. Two American acquaintances of mine, Messrs. Thorne and Hammond, spent a quarter-million dollars on a 100 to 1 chance of winning the honour of defending the cup. What their theories cost them in time and energy I do not know, but the child of their brain, when at last it materialized into a racing craft, was unsailable. The mainmast had to be shifted, and thereafter all was patching-up and making-do and the yacht was useless. Mr. Vanderbilt a fortnight ago was under the searchlight of criticism from his own countrymen. He has owned fine yachts which have shown the poorest records under his direction. But now at any rate he has established his reputation on a lasting basis.

MAINTAINING THE EMPIRE'S PRESTIGE IN THE EAST: The 17/21 Lancers fitted with topees at Hounslow Barracks preparatory to their departure for Cairo

**The Monster Liner.** — The blue ribbon of the Atlantic is doubtless a prize which British shipping interests are bound to go on fighting for, and one must admire, while one trembles at, the spirit of enterprise that will risk vast millions for new giant liners at such a time of stringency in the industry. Keels so huge and costly that no private enterprise can entertain the cost of insurance without Government assistance, are not to be laid down lightheartedly, and even now at the Physical Laboratory at Teddington, the aerodynamical section, and the Froude tank section are making experiments and recording results in wind resistance and water friction. The man who is constantly crossing the Atlantic is seldom an expert in such matters, but his experience of ocean travel is valuable, and that experience goes to show that for comfort, safety, and regularity the 20,000-ton vessel is to be preferred to the modern giant. Too little is still known of the possibilities which may result from the meeting between the vast bulk of a 50,000-ton vessel and the force of a head-on gale. It speaks for itself that when one of these monsters, bound for America, meets a strong westerly wind, producing what is known as heavy seas (something very much less than a mild gale), speed is reduced to as little as 4 knots. The floating city will attract the tyro, the quickest passage scheduled will draw the busy man, only so long as comfort and punctuality are assured.

**A Great Sporting Journalist.**—I am sad at the death of A. C. M. Croome. I saw him last at Lord's writing his stuff in the members' room during the first day of the Second Test, and I was shocked at his appearance. He told me he was done and his lungs were gone, and I knew I was saying good-bye to him. I owe him much. It was he who first awoke my interest in literature. He would translate Cicero into splendid English, and encourage us to emulate him. He was always urging on us to imitate the telling terseness of the Romans, and he loved the sport of making the "lonely word" flower. But I never acquired his effective terseness of style. He was a model for all sporting journalists, one of the three masters of a badly mishandled profession. And a great sportsman. He taught me what I knew of cricket, he instructed me in the first principles of golf on the Radley cricket ground, and he taught me to long jump and to fly a hurdle. I always liked to meet him. I enjoyed his unaffected manner with his juniors, his humour and his naturalness. As a schoolmaster he was thirty years in advance of his generation.

THE OLD STAGER.

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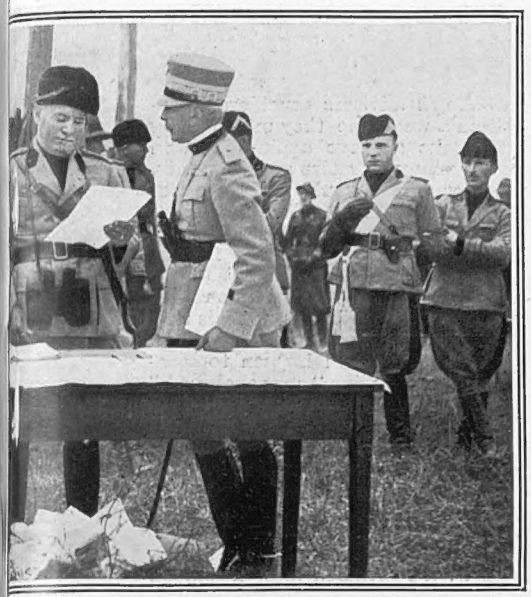
# RLD'S NEWS.

*ational September Week*



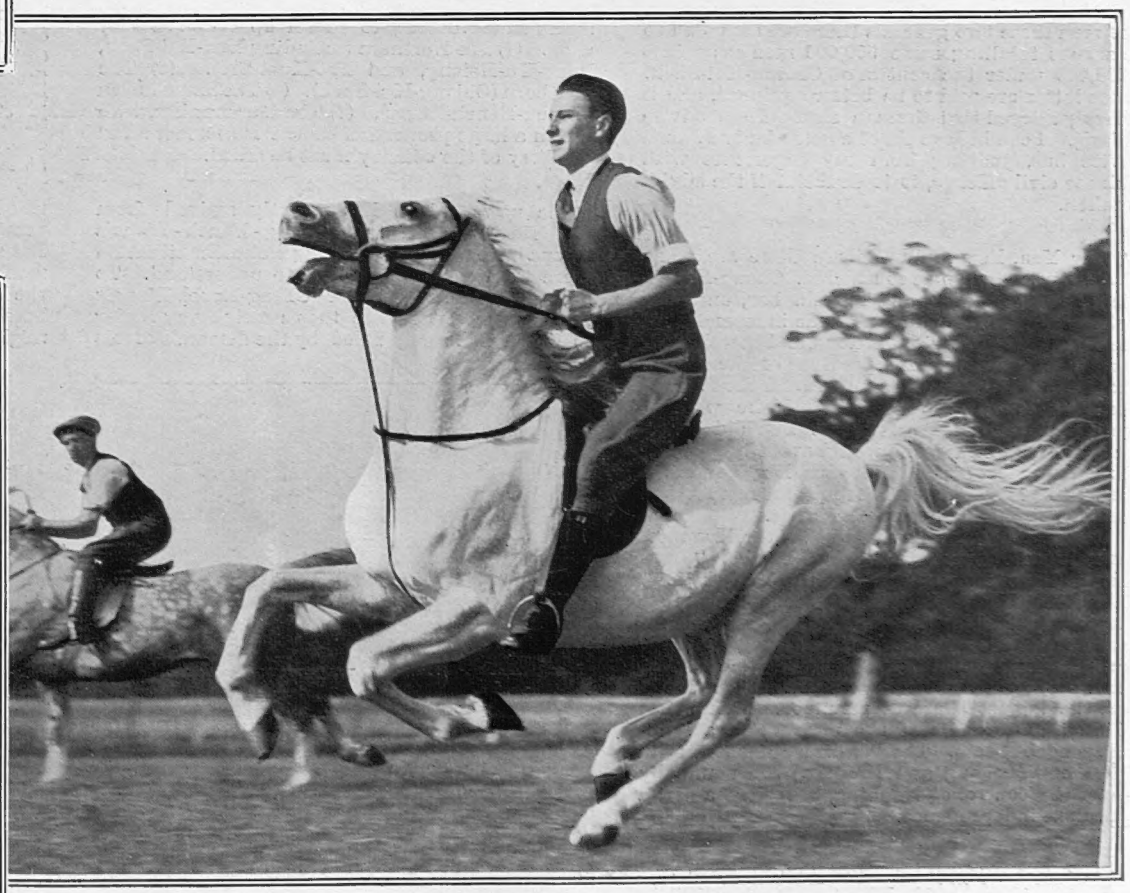
WAR: Signor Mussolini was present with organized among the Junior Fascisti (not to be The Dictator is seen above looking over the plans by an extensive staff

A WHIMSY OF THE SANTO DOMINGO HURRICANE: The 120-m.p.h. gale that ravaged the West Indies created serious havoc all over the island. It lifted a giant air-liner as if it were a feather, and, turning it upside down, crashed it into a wooden house a little distance away from the air field

A WAXEN PRINCESS: The latest addition to the waxen galleries of Madame Tussaud's is the effigy of Princess Elizabeth on her pony

DELAYED BY SYMPATHIZERS: A truck loaded with Argentine soldiers, followers to a man of General Uriburu, the provisional President, *en route* to the municipal buildings during the revolution against the Irigoyen regime. Their advance was hindered by the surrounding throng of sympathizers

AN ALLEGED FAKE TRENCH: Tourists to Hill 60—a famous point during the War—are, it is said, duped by trenches constructed only for sight-seeing purposes and "salted" with relics



"THOU'RT SOLD, MY ARAB STEED": The world-famous stud of Arab horses owned by Lady Wentworth is to be sold, owing to crushing taxation, which precludes her from maintaining it on its present scale. Lady Wentworth has over 100 of the finest Arab horses in the world, which are now so rare that the breed has died out in the East, so that stallions have to be imported from the English stud. The stud, which has taken over a century to perfect, is assessed at £1,000,000. Two horses are seen above galloping at Crabbet Park

# MANCHURIA Back in PEKIN

## The Astonishing Situation which has Developed in China within the Last Few Weeks

By Lieut.-Colonel H. ST. CLAIR SMALLWOOD

Some years ago, when I was an adviser to the Chinese Government, I was doing my best to form an appreciation of the political situation in China and betook myself to a Chinese friend, one Marquis Tseng. "Tell me, Tseng," I said, "How I can understand Chinese politics."

Tseng replied, "My father, as you know, was Minister to the Court of St. James's, and all his life was devoted to the study of diplomatic and political affairs. He was generous to me in instruction and advice in these matters. I have spent forty years of my life (Tseng was formerly Chinese Minister to Korea) trying to understand them, and I have finally come to the conclusion that I know absolutely nothing whatever about them!"

Though his statement may have savoured of exaggeration, under such conditions it is easy to realize that to the ordinary foreigner the Chinese situation is more than a little obscure and difficult to understand. My advice to the untutored is to forget that China is a country, and to look upon it as a continent, where language, customs, pursuits, food, and industry differ more widely than they do in the continent of Europe. Regard it as a continent of countries each province with its own ruler, and many other small bandits or military leaders collecting their revenues from the countryside, each misgoverning a slice of country.

Since the Imperial days, when an Imperial decree was obeyed, there has been the wide division of "North and South." Rarely has there been a Government in the North or South which has done more than govern a very small area. The Northern Government, which was looked upon by the Foreign Powers as the Government of China, held little sway over the Centre and South of China, just as to-day the so-called Central Government at Nanking has little control outside its own provinces.

Until a very few days ago there was still the main division of North versus South, the North being represented by Yen-Hsi-Shan, the ex-model Governor of Shansi, the South by Chiang-Kai-Shek, the leader of the Kuomintang, whom his opponents accuse of establishing a Dictatorship.

Allied with Yen-Hsi-Shan is Feng-Yu-Hsiang, the "Christian" General, but this is to some extent an embarrassment to Yen. Feng's past history is not one to breed trust, as his former allies will agree. At one time he was in close touch with the Russian Communist Party, though it is believed that this contact no longer exists. Between these two generals there are supposed to be armies totalling some 500,000 men as against 2,300,000 under the control of Chiang-Kai-Shek. These latter are said to be better equipped, and it is freely alleged that German staff-officers advise Chiang. I can believe that he gets plenty of good advice but, judging from my experience with Chinese civil officials, it is doubtful if the advice is taken.

After Yen, Feng, and Chiang, there are many other leaders to be considered. Chang-Hsueh-Liang, the son of Chang-Tso-Lin has, until the last few days, adopted an attitude independent of the Yen-Chiang warring factions, and thereby rendered good service to his province of Manchuria, The South claim that he is allied with them. The North angle for his support. If he were to continue to sit on the fence as Yen did for so many years in Shansi, he would avoid the devastating expense of war and give his province a chance to prosper as with its natural resources it must if not torn by internecine strife.

It is pretty generally agreed that the Kwanghs generals and Chang-Fat-Kuei and his "Ironsides" have an alliance with Yen against Chiang-Kai-Shek. It must be remembered that the prize which each Government is competing for is some port or station where large sums of money can be accumulated from Custom's revenue and other sources. Nanking has Shanghai and therefore the largest share of revenues. Pekin has Tientsin; Canton is at the moment in a semi-independent State. The Wu-Han cities (the twin cities of Wuchang and Hankow) are nominally under the control of Nanking, but often assert a truculent independence.

After the Russian influence in the South and centre of China, under Borodin, began to wane, a determined attempt to expel everyone of Communistic ideas was made. Chang-Tso-Lin raided the office and quarters of the Military Attaché to the Bolshevik Embassy in Pekin. Some months later the Russian Red influence was eliminated in the South. But after some time elapsed Communist bands appeared, and now this movement has assumed proportions which are a serious menace to the peace of the country.

The so-called Communists are very often merely bandits with a political label. There are so many millions of people in China who have lost their all, who are starving and without hope of bettering their lot, that it is not surprising that a fertile field exists for Communistic or any other doctrine which promises them amelioration. Whereas these "Communist" bands were at one time considered to be independent, signs are not wanting of a gradual spreading of an organization to control and amalgamate them. There seems to be a real nucleus of a new Communist Power arising in the provinces of Kiangsi, Hupeh, Anhwei, and Fukien, though how they can become important without funds or revenues it is difficult to understand. Maybe that Russia will support the movement again financially as she did in the past.

Modern propaganda plays its part in the present chaotic condition of China as elsewhere. This picture shows some of their literature scattered in the streets of the International Settlement, Shanghai

We can come to the conclusion from the foregoing that there are four main collections of forces endeavouring to parcel up China as they wish. (1) The Northern (including Yen-Hsi-Shan, Feng-Yu-Hsiang, and Fat-Kuei-Chi). (2) The Southern (Chiang-Kai-Shek). (3) The Manchurian (Chang-Hsueh-Liang), (4) The Communists, with which a large proportion of the lawlessness and banditry of the country must be allied.

The news, which has recently arrived from North China, that Chang-Hsueh-Liang's troops have taken over Peking makes the situation more than normally difficult to understand. To appreciate the reason for Chang-Hsueh-Liang's move one must realize that nearly every leader in China is largely ruled by the demands of his entourage. If Chang's advisers considered Yen-Hsi-Shan's position a weak one they might easily force Chang to make a move against Yen in order to share the many lucrative appointments, very often sinecures, which would become available on the taking of Peking. Time will show if Chang's move has been a successful one. The recent past shows that Manchuria for the Manchurians is the sound policy. Chang-Tso-Lin's adventure southwards led to his ultimate retirement and death by assassination. One feels that his son is treading dangerous ground.

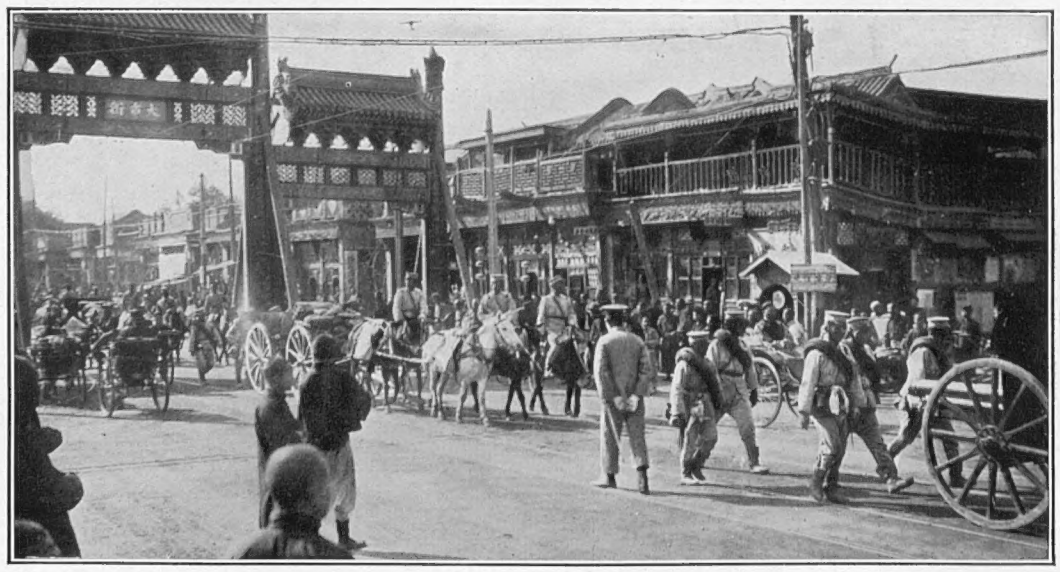
It is hard to say what will happen to Yen-Hsi-Shan. Probably he will "study abroad," which is the usual euphemism in such cases.

From the internal situation let us turn to China's position abroad, *vis-à-vis* the Foreign Powers. Here is a melancholy tale. China's well-wishers may sigh and long for the return of the days of foreign spheres of influence when each part of China was kept in semblance of order by a restrained foreign control. Since that devilish phrase, "the self-determination of peoples," has been in the mouths of the so-called oppressed nations, the condition of China has steadily worsened.

The one part of China where improvement exists is in Manchuria, where the Japanese influence in the South Manchurian Railway zone has a very marked effect of settled prosperity. Elsewhere murder, kidnapping, rapine, piracy, famine, and starvation rage. Difficulties with foreign Governments arise through the capture and murder of various nationals. Safety of foreign life and property is frequently guaranteed by the so-called Governors, but the fact remains that some fifty odd foreigners have been murdered during the last nine months. Foreign life and property are always in peril in the interior, and cases multiply of foreign communities having to be evacuated by British or other gunboats, often at the loss of everything they possess.

The Foreign Powers continue to ignore the chaotic state of China and negotiate with Governments of straw which represent a small fraction of the country. The British Government has recently agreed to "rendite" Weihai-Wei to China despite an almost unanimous appeal to the local *Chinese* residents against such rendition. Indemnities are given back, concessions returned, extra-territorial rights abandoned—to what end?

The financial situation is little better than the political one. Nearly all China's railway loans are in default, and these loans are in most cases secured on the general revenues of the Chinese Government as well as the railways themselves. A cynical disregard of their obligations has resulted in a drop in China's credit to such a point that she cannot borrow a copper cash in the financial markets of the world except at ruinous rates of interest—a mournful story, my masters, but China has been torn by civil war for nearly four thousand of her six thousand years of history. War is more normal than peace. Let me end on a note of optimism. China has a most amazing capacity for recuperation, and even the suspicion of a settled Government would herald a revival of trade and prosperity which might astonish the world.



Pekin streets are once more full of soldiery of invading armies. Manchurian forces are again in possession of the historic northern city and once capital of China

# GERMANY *at the* BOILING POINT

MUSSOLINI OF GERMANY: Herr Adolf Hitler, the leader of the Fascists, is wildly cheered at Nurnberg. Herr Hitler controls directly 107 seats in the Reichstag

GERMANY'S MARTIAL PRESIDENT: Albeit he is now strictly a man of peace, President Field-Marshal von Hindenburg still retains his old interest in things military. Despite the weight of his years (he is over eighty), the G.O.M. was present at the autumn manœuvres at Koenigshofen, Bavaria. On his arrival he was given a "drink of honour" in a cup which he bore as he drove through the village streets

The acute crisis in the affairs of Germany, precipitated by the sudden and unexpected accession of power gained by the Hitlerites—a crisis whose gravest symptom was the crashing of German securities on the Bourses of Europe may be averted by the strong and statesmanlike action of President von Hindenburg in summoning the Chancellor and taking a decision to replace the present policy of far from masterly inactivity with one of resolute action. Instead of waiting for the reassembly of the Reichstag on October 14 the basis of the Government is to be widened and yet to remain sufficiently narrow to exclude followers of the fanatical Fascist.

# HIGH-LIGHTS *at* GENEVA

## Personalities in the League of Nations seen by a "Sphere" Camera Correspondent

FINLAND'S REPRESENTATIVE: M. Procope is asked to present his identity card at the door of the League Assembly

PICKING OUT THE "STARS": American visitors to the League are invariably furnished with binoculars to enable them to recognize the notabilities

CONSCIOUS OF HITLER: Dr. Curtius, Germany's Foreign Minister, looks worried. *On right*—JAPAN'S PREMIER DELEGATE is the only man to wear a top-hat

A CLERICAL JOURNALIST: A priestly scribe of Austria writes up his copy in the garden of the League Secretariat beneath the welcome shade of a spreading plane tree

THE LEAGUE'S FIRST PRESIDENT: Lord Cecil of Chelwood, whose eloquent speeches hint a combination of High Church, Toryism, and Internationalism which, in another, would seem mutually exclusive

"UNCLE ARTHUR": Britain's Labour Foreign Secretary is invariably seen in the company of Mrs. Henderson. As befits a Socialist, Mr. Henderson is an ardent supporter of the Genevese type of Internationalism

# BRAINS and EXPLOSIVES at GENEVA

**No disarmament worthy of the name can be effected until some "Revision" has taken place. Mr. Tuohy's prophetic article, "Europe in Two Camps," published in "The Sphere" on August 23, first mentioned "Revision," and his prophecy is now accepted as fact in Geneva**

## by FERDINAND TUOHY

**One of 400 Representatives of the World's Press now Assembled in Calvin's City**

What polished serenity is Geneva after raggamuffin and turbulent Paris! After that nasty all-night affair, *a couchette*, I laid hands well and truly on my room—even to taking down two William Tells—and strolled in burning sun down to the Lido. Opposite the Secretariat, Sunnudism was in full swing as elsewhere, even in this, Calvin's home town, yet the sexes might not splashingly commingle but had to take to separate compartments of lake, long wooden poles dividing them. The one way to rendezvous was to swim beyond the poles, but then one ran up against angry and exclusive swans. How far from the Western Front, bogey of this Assembly, was one, floating and gazing away towards Mont Blanc! Towards mid-day, on the terrace of the Régence, where Leaguites foregather for the *apéritif*, I was sipping a *deux décimes* and nibbling a *brioche*, when it suddenly occurred that I had no ticket for anything. (A *deux décimes*, by the way, is measured white wine in a small *carafe* and the drink of the town.)

No ticket. Now, there is only one thing for a Londoner to do if he wants anything at Geneva and that is to connect with one Vernon Bartlett. You may have heard him on the wireless. He is just as nice materially, and soon I was in possession of the 400th and last available Press ticket. That it had been made out in the style of a lately-defunct London daily didn't matter; there was even something soothing, unhurried, in representing a deceased newspaper. The rest of that day was taken up by contacts. These occurred about every ten yards and the main thing was to avoid the offer of a new *deux décimes* each time. After the first day or so, however, there is little further roystering at Geneva now; at most a relaxing hour after the night's work is done in the famous and foaming Bavaria *bierstube*, beloved of Stresemann and the finest advertisement Germany has ever had locally (even Chauvinistic French have been known to go there). Another favourite is the Café de Genève, hard by, while the Press hotel remains the Victoria—until this year the hub of events, for the fact of its adjoining the Hall of Calvin where sat the annual Assembly. Incidentally, I attended a function at the Victoria at which the first journalists' flag in history was hoisted, and a funereal affair it was—a black and white stars and stripes contraption without the stars. When I was last at the League we scribes numbered sixty-three. To-day it is 400, and still they come. Since 1919 delegations and permanent officials have hardly increased but correspondents have swarmed, showing that the world is obviously interested else newspapers would not spend the money keeping correspondents for weeks in an expensive town like Geneva. Another thing that struck one was the more serious notes on all sides (as the sands thin down). Two external symptoms of this; the old wining and dining, when it was necessary for each of the fifty odd delegations to inter-entertain, have gone. They used to lead to a *malaise* known as Perpetual Assembly Head. Alone, I believe, Sir Eric Drummond still has to entertain a polyglot six or seven delegates *at every meal for one whole month* (poor Milady, who must try so hard to get tummies to coincide, not to ask a Persian with a Dane!). The second drabber note had to do with the Swiss request that the delegations should no longer swing out their national flags from their hotel balconies "as it made Geneva look like a fair ground." This, I thought, was no nsense—but it didn't really matter. Many delegates refused to be suppressed, Dr. Hugh Dalton telling me at lunch that upon seeing the tiniest Union Jack in history decorating General Hertzog's balcony, he felt constrained to order out a somewhat bigger one next door—and when Labour flag wags, you may take it that it's O.K.

Well—and so to the circus.

You may say or think what you will about the League (that it airs too much which is conducive to trouble and which otherwise might lie on doggo is the sternest criticism I know), but that it is the greatest show on earth now showing not even a Cochran would deny, and it has the additional asset of being as interesting off stage as on. Not inappropriately, the Eleventh Assembly has moved to a new hall where the rest of the year Geneva throngs to circuses, boxing bouts, cycle-races and the likes. Indeed, some person has actually made the place, with its hangings and festoons, look like a circus. To be in line, each September might bring show-boards outside announcing:

*Walk up! Walk up!*
*and see*
*The Brains of the*
*World*
*Under one Roof.*

The misnamed *Bâtiment Electoral* is about a third the size of old, glass Olympia, and its floor-space is taken up by the 300 delegates of fifty-three States, rajahs seated, as if in class, beside vikings. All face teacher on the tribune; or, rather, there are two teachers, Sir Eric Drummond and the year's elected President, Rumanian Mr. Titulescu, the pair surrounded by permanent officials including those marvellous League officials, the interpreters, whose impressionistic qualities at least equal their translating ones. Three sides of the vast oblong gallery above is given over to the Press; the fourth, to distinguished strangers and open-mouthed students. And what a galaxy we are! In my immediate cluster: Wickham Steed, Emil Ludwig, Pertinax, and my companion, George Slocombe, fresh in from Ghandi's prison and agreeing that how the circus roof does not blow off with such a force of brain-power beneath it is a marvel. S. knows every head below, and we survey those trying to stop war. The stars: Briand, "Uncle Arthur," Cecil, Hymans, Quinenos de Leon (doyen), Curtius, Shober, Apponyi, Benesh, Procope, Politis, Venizelos, Grandi . . . . no, mistake, Grandi left yesterday, his boss having arranged that he should before he left Rome, *on aime telles gestes à Rome*. . . . Zaleski, Hertzog, Borden, van Blokland . . . . . yes, there are stars from every land except from perhaps the two most currently vital. How different would be the picture did we also gaze down on Russians and Americans!

And the women, we pick them out, too. Yet they are so few, England leading utterly, with Susan and Mary. But let us leave this unmatchable constellation with which might be combined an equally unapproachable cerebral performance whose label could be Mental Reservation. None of them say what is really in their minds. That you have to divine, a process which leads to endless soothsaying and is not the least rich part of the game. You circulate ever in a world of smothered thoughts, such is the spirit of tact and conciliation abroad. If someone got up and, speaking to the point, observed, "Ladies and gentlemen—Let's cut this cackle about electing an American judge at The Hague and paying tribute to Simon Bolivar and concentrate on what is in all our minds, the arming of France and how to square Germany and Italy"—the roof certainly *would* blow off!!

Though, of course, I'm only dramatizing, the situation being far too grave for any such fireworks. None the less, the Assembly is mere window-dressing, an unwieldy body whose units are all too apt to go off at tangents, many mumbling unintelligibly. It is stiff, official, Government-tied; it no more gives the throb without than my boot. Too much throb would be suicidal, but there might be found some *via media*.

The real work is done in the wings. In the lobby, at hotel teas, in the six Commissions, those dealing with (a) The legal side of the attempt to dovetail the Kellogg Pact into the Covenant, blocking the gap in the latter which permits war under certain conditions, more than one of which France could seize upon in the future if, as some insist, she intends to take time by the forelock at any further breach of Versailles and, going ahead on her own and refusing to allow the onslaught to fall on her when others are ready, she elects to finish the War where she wanted to twelve years ago—*à Berlin*; (b) The reduction of Europe's tariff walls; (c) Disarmament, wherein "Uncle Arthur" has taken the lead, insisting, in direct opposition to the French thesis, that the Stresemann concept that disarmament must precede security is correct (there are many who disagree with the notion of disarming while the Soviet has not been dealt with and also because, with the new surprise war-making of bombs and gas and spy-exploding and forty-mile-an-hour tanks and side-car Lewis guns and troops camouflaged as innocent "societies," a country could prepare secretly and sufficiently in a very short while so as vitally to overrun a neighbour. Cessation of the present race and reduction, but other things must surely happen before we "disarm" (?); (d) Reform of the Secretariat, the Italians and Germans demanding as many of the higher posts as the British and French, and the Duce also idiotically requiring frequent musical chairs among these higher posts, the small nations participating; (e) Health and hygiene and traffic in drugs and women (it being high time that subduing opium were side-tracked for a while and maddening cocaine and heroin concentrated on, these latter affecting Europe not the heathen Chinee); (f) Briand's Federation *precipitate nostrum*. Mandates and Minorities—under the two latter of which, and Article XIX of the Covenant (that in which Wilson and L.G. left a loophole for Treaty Revision, but which the French say is a dead letter) territory will some day be made over to Italy and Germany, failing which, the probability of eventual war.

*GENEVA BOUND: M. Briand, the ardent Internationalist of Nationalist France, on the platform of the Gare de Lyon leaving Paris for the 11th Annual Assembly of the League*

Three great forces are arrayed at Geneva. On the one side Briand who is fighting perhaps his last battle before going to the Elysée, who knows that as he fights Poincaré is penning in the old way in Paris, and that Tardieu is lavishing francs on the military machine, who wants to bind Europe together on the basis of the *status quo* (being sure of oncoming war if he fails to), but who certainly himself would go more than a step to meet the Revisionists if he thought there were a ghost of a chance of Paris supporting him. Briand has lost round one to Henderson, the Assembly being almost at one that anything done must be done within the *cadre* of the League, but Briand, a noble soul, is carrying on. Confronting him is the Italo-Germanic bloc, now greatly strengthened by the Hitlerite growth (though one does so wish, for their own sakes, the Germans were less heavy artists—why fly the *Graf Zeppelin* over the League on the day of the elections, those elections which hung over this Assembly as, each year, some capital event permeates the atmosphere?). In between stands Britain, sole possible arbiter in the absence of America which should however press occultly, though let us hope not in the crude manner of Mr. Hearst who was expelled because the French S.S. reported he was going round Berlin telling the Germans to go ahead, and that they had America "back of them." Already we have donned our attire of go-between, and heavy is our responsibility, for if we split with France—and at present we are diametrically opposed to her, and our Foreign policy is pretty continuous and party-free—the fear at Geneva is general that the worst could not be avoided (and the Soviet probably be the principal gainer). Can we not strive to make more allowance for France? Heaven knows we have small reason to, but if France were prepared to talk Revision against some form of guarantee that this would be absolutely the last talk of Revision, and that the British Empire would also hand something back to Germany, might we not go forth to meet her? It is all very well for us to ask our ex-Allies to hand back the Corridor and Upper Silesia and the rest, but how about, say, General Hertzog doing a little handing back too, of German South-West? He can't? "Very well," say the French, "we can't either. We are certain that as soon as the Germans got some Revision in Europe they would start after more, and if we do anything we are determined it shall be the end of the whole of Revision. Others must lend a hand. Renunciation is not for us alone."

You see, I am giving you stuff from the wings, somewhat advance stuff!

America could help tremendously by saying one word in regard to the Kellogg Pact—that it wipes out neutrality, that *all* are against an aggressor State—and by lessening debts. The former I believe she will never do. The latter, she may well enter on when her quondam prosperity has fallen away still more, and in chunks.

*(Continued on p. 566)*

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST NAVY

## The Rise to Supremacy of the United States Fighting Force on the Sea

By FRANK C. BOWEN

The Navy of the United States is very much in the limelight at the moment, and members of the general public who do not as a rule take any great interest in naval affairs may be pardoned for considerable haziness as to the exact position. Figures can proverbially be made to prove anything, and they certainly proved some very remarkable things during the progress of the London Disarmament Conference. So the man in the street is frankly puzzled as to whether Columbia has or has not wrested the trident from the hands of Britannia and, if he is inclined to be pessimistic, he will be found saying that in any circumstances she can do so if she wants to, with her money and shipbuilding facilities. Happily sea-power consists of rather more than that.

There are the two great factors to be considered, material and personnel, both in and out of the Service. In the former the United States are undoubtedly very strong indeed, and Britain has to admit that the strongest fleet in the world to-day as far as ships are concerned is the American. After the scrappings provided for by the London Disarmament Treaty the American Fleet of capital ships is as follows :

3 *Colorado* class, 32,600 tons, 21 knots each, mounting 24—16-in. guns.
2 *California* class, 32,300 tons, 21 knots each, mounting 24—14-in. guns.
3 *New Mexico* class, 32,000 tons, 21 knots each, mounting 36—14-in. guns.
2 *Pennsylvania* class, 31,400 tons, 21 knots each, mounting 24—14-in. guns.
2 *Oklahoma* class, 27,500 tons, 20½ knots each, mounting 20—14-in. guns.
2 *Texas* class, 28,750 tons, 21 knots each, mounting 20—14-in. guns.
1 *Arkansas* class, 27,900 tons, 20½ knots, mounting 12—12-in. guns.

Against these Great Britain has :—

2 *Nelsons*, *33,500 tons, 23 knots each, mounting 18—16-in. guns.
5 *Royal Sovereigns*, 29,350 tons, 22 knots each, mounting 40—15-in. guns.
5 *Queen Elizabeths*, 27,500 tons, 25 knots each, mounting 40—15-in. guns.
1 *Hood*, 41,200 tons, 31 knots, mounting 8—15-in. guns.
2 *Repulse*, 26,500 tons, 31½ knots each, mounting 12—15-in. guns.

* Standard displacement

Comparing these two fleets, there are fifteen capital ships in each. The Americans possess five launched since the War, generally regarded as the criterion of a ship's battle value, but one that is obsolete. The British Fleet, on the other hand, includes only one launched since the War. In heavy guns the British mount eighteen 16-in. and 100 15-in. against the Americans' twenty-four 16-in., 124 14-in., and twelve 12-in. In speed the British have a great advantage, but the American design is remarkably homogeneous right the way through, giving facilities for manœuvring. In protection it is generally agreed that the American ships are very much better than the British.

As regards capital ships, therefore, there is not a huge difference, bearing in mind the very different strategical and tactical ideas of the two countries, but the advantage, particularly in youth, lies with the Americans. It is in cruisers that the main interest centres, and in that class the position is not nearly as satisfactory for Britain.

When the first Washington Conference took place it is only fair to admit that the U.S. Navy was deplorably short of cruisers for the work that it would have to do in war time. It had a number of armoured cruisers and a few protected cruisers on its list which were quite obsolete and useless for war purposes, but apart from these it only had the ten post-War ships of the *Omaha* type, magnificent vessels in every way, but insufficient in number, while the absence of any backing of smaller squadron cruisers was a glaring deficiency. In the burst of shipbuilding enthusiasm that always goes with disarmament talk the 10,000-ton *Washington*-type cruiser that was evolved by the Powers immediately captured American fancy, for she was entirely in accordance with American tradition, and was the counterpart of the heavy frigates of the 1812 War whose exploits are still remembered.

Instead of making any effort to supply the deficiency in small squadron cruisers the Americans talked about vast programmes of 10,000-tonners, all essentially offensive vessels, and it is not surprising that in England and Japan there was very uneasy speculation as to what it all meant.

The American *Washington* cruisers are certainly remarkably fine ships, particularly from the offensive point of view. The first two mounted ten 8-in. guns instead of the eight which was all that the British and most other Powers could manage, and although it was soon decided that this meant too much sacrifice of essential cruiser qualities the main batteries of the new ships consist of nine such pieces.

Under the London Agreement the United States is allowed eighteen of these cruisers, but undertakes not to complete more than fifteen before 1935. By the end of the Treaty in 1936 the United States is likely to have eighteen of these ships against the British fifteen, who will have the whole of the Empire's trade and food lanes to protect.

In addition America has the right to build 143,500 tons of the 6-in. gun type, of which they only possess 75,000 tons at the moment in the ten *Omahas*. The American list still includes certain old cruisers, but they are only fit for the scrap-heap and will no doubt go there very soon.

The United States Navy has a very great need for these smaller 6-in. gun cruisers owing to her responsibilities in Central and South America attached to the Monroe Doctrine. She has the right in certain circumstances to substitute the smaller for the bigger type, but whether she will do so is another matter. She has perhaps enough of the 6-in. gun type, and the 8-in. make magnificent political propaganda.

Against this fleet of second-line cruisers—it must be remembered that the oldest *Omaha* was only launched in 1920—the British force is ridiculous. In modern sea-going cruisers of the 6-in. gun type which may be counted as ships over 5,000 tons launched since the War, we only have the *Emerald* and *Enterprise*, greatly inferior to the *Omaha* design, and the *Leander*, which has only just been laid down.

There are the four ships of the *Hawkins* type, mounting 7·5-in. guns, but we have undertaken to scrap them. It is thus obvious that Britain must soon engage in a huge building programme of second-line cruisers or else drop hopelessly out of the race.

In small fighting craft the position is still worse. The U.S. Navy includes 309 destroyers against the British 134, and 124 submarines against the British sixty-three. These figures are likely soon to be modified greatly if America discards the ships that she talks about, but even so the British Fleet is greatly inferior.

On the material side therefore the American Navy has a distinct advantage. What of the men both in and out of the Service?

The individual who is most troublesome to the Americans is what is called by Americans themselves the "Man from Missouri." Right inland, he has never seen a battleship in his life, and he fails to see how one could possibly attack his farm. But he is a huge political factor, and it is necessary to satisfy his constant craving "to be shown." He is therefore soon fed with theory and is likely to cause trouble when some of these theories have to be reconciled to hard facts in war-time.

It was very largely to please the "Man from Missouri" that the slogan "Freedom of the Seas" was coined which has lately been put to so much political use. Under it, neutral goods are to go through to either belligerent unmolested, so that the Middle Westerner will have boom profits in the next war if he gives Uncle Sam a big enough navy to insist on the principle and to force the abolition of blockade. Yet history shows that America has used the weapon of blockade as much, if not more, than any other country in the world, starting with Paul Jones's dashing blockade right up to the English coast, through the wonderful organization of the Civil War, to the thoroughness with which they closed the Atlantic to Germany in 1917. If there is trouble in the Pacific and the United States is not able to attempt a blockade of Japan, she has thrown away her main advantage, and the country will certainly be far too shrewd to do that when it comes to the point.

There immediately is shown one of the weaknesses of America in war, two entirely separate fronts with entirely different ideas and each with a democratic power to insist, the only link between the two being the Panama Canal. The "Man from Missouri" is likely to find himself in the sharpest contention with the "Man from California," for each has his own viewpoint. To appreciate the difference that these viewpoints may take it is only necessary to go back to the Spanish War of 1898, when the presence of Cervera's entirely useless cruisers somewhere in the Atlantic caused a panic on the Eastern seaboard, and for some time crippled the very able strategy of the American Navy.

The other side of the personnel question centres round the men of the Fleet itself. As far as officers are concerned the Americans have nothing to worry about, for their system is excellent; there is a very steady supply of lads of the right type, and once in the Service they are as keen as mustard.

With the men it is very different. The lower deck in the American Navy has none of the traditional naval families possessed by the British, and youngsters take to the Navy as a career on its own merits compared with other means of earning a living. That is the reason why conditions for seamen in the American Navy are so luxurious, and also why so many ratings tire of naval life and desert. Great improvements have been made of recent years, but the percentage of desertion is still appalling.

There is also a difficulty in getting sufficient men to re-enlist at the end of their term in order to make really efficient petty and warrant officers; by the time their first engagement is over most of the ratings decide that they have seen enough of that side and will now turn to something else. Admittedly the American naval recruit is of a high mental standard and admirably trainable, but there are some things which are essential in naval life which only come from long service; the U.S. Fleet is certainly deficient on this score.

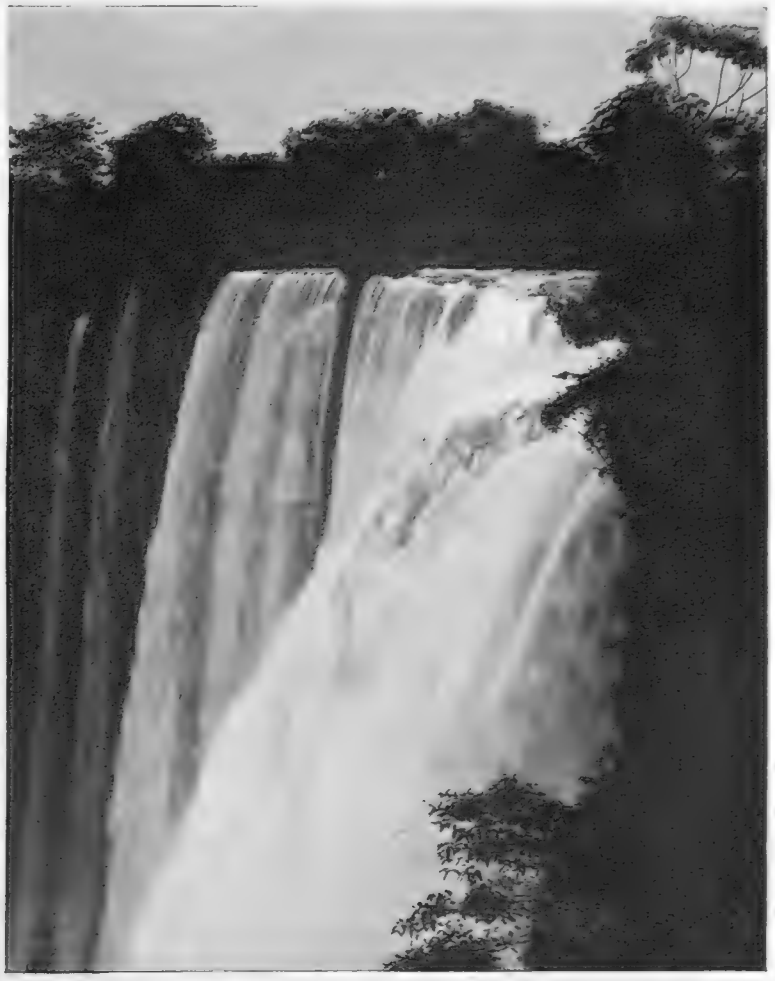
At the present time the U.S. personnel consists of about 114,000 officers and men in addition to 12,000 fully trained Coastguard personnel who are automatically handed over to the Navy in war time. Against this the British Navy has well under 100,000 and there is talk of further reductions. In 1914 the figures were 151,047 in the British Navy and 67,258 in the American.

There is no denying the fact that the Americans have built up for themselves a remarkably fine fleet in a very short time, but it has its disadvantages and handicaps which are certain to show themselves in war.

*ON MANŒUVRES : Battleships of the U.S. Navy in nautical alignment during force battle practice in the joint fleet exercises off Guantanamo. The U.S.S.* New York *leads in the firing of the main batteries—14 and 16-in. guns*

# GREAT WATERFALLS of the WORLD

A special section of "The Sphere" dealing with the Giant Cascades of the Earth. On the two following pages appears an article by **Mr. Edward Rashleigh,** an authority on and life-long student of this fascinating subject



TRANSCENDING NIAGARA IN HEIGHT: The Utiarity Falls, Brazil; they were visited by Roosevelt in 1913. *On left*—INDIA'S BID FOR THE GREATEST WATERFALL: The Gersoppa Falls, Mysore, 831 ft. high. In the monsoon season the falls are almost hidden by mist

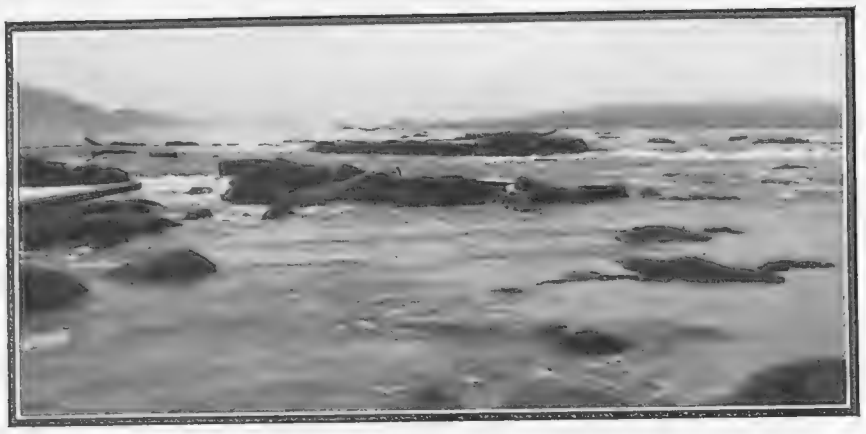
*Ewing Galloway*

A GLORY OF THE ARGENTINE: The Iguazu Falls in the north of the country. It has been hopefully stated that if these falls are developed to their maximum, enough power will be generated to run all the machinery in the northern half of the Argentine. Such statements are at variance with the true facts, as is clearly demonstrated in Mr. Rashleigh's article on the following pages

*When big waterfalls are mentioned, 99·9 per cent. of humanity, educated or uneducated, will think immediately of Niagara. The well-informed will also recall the Zambesi. It will come as something of a shock, therefore, to learn that these two notable falls are by no means the greatest in the world. As far as mere height is concerned, such slender falls as the Yosemite in California and the Sutherland in New Zealand easily overtop any others, but in volume the Guaira Falls of Brazil eclipse any in the world. The famous King George's Falls on the Orange River have the most desolate and dramatic setting*

# The GREATEST WATER

## GUAIRA: KING GEORGE: PAULO AFFONSO:



THE SWIRL OF WATERS: A view of the Guaira Falls, looking across a small portion of the river at low water above falls fifteen and sixteen on the Brazilian side

Lord Beaconsfield once remarked that while the contemplation of lakes and mountains in time wearied, that of sylvan scenery never palled. If this observation be true of woodlands, it might be made with still greater force of the ever-changing loveliness of waterfalls. Of all the natural wonders our planet has to show, none, perhaps, has made greater appeal to the imagination of mankind in all ages than has the grandeur and beauty of falling water; and the range of emotions evoked by such spectacles has been extraordinarily diverse, whether it be a mere mountain brook like that which babblingly "comes down" at Lodore or some vast cataract which recalls the nightmare conception of Poe, who envisioned the ocean itself as thundering and shrieking onwards through "stupendous ramparts of ice" towards some unfathomable abyss at the Southern Pole.

The question has often been asked which is the greatest waterfall in the world, and it is one which, ignoring for a moment its obvious futility, is not immediately easy to answer. Three main factors, of course, enter into the matter, namely height, volume, and breadth. It is the first two of these in combination to which I would assign the chief importance, leaving the question of mere width to be taken into consideration last.

It is obvious that the really great falls of the world can only occur on great rivers. Were I asked to pick out what I consider to be the first seven of them, I should, without attempting to place them in order of precedence, have little hesitation in listing them as follows:—

Guaira, or Sete Quedas, on the Alto Parana, between Paraguay and Brazil; Niagara; the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi; the Grand Falls on the Hamilton River in Labrador; those on the Iguazu on the borders of Brazil and Argentina; the King George's Falls on the Orange River in South Africa; and last, but by no means least, those of Paulo Affonso on the São Francisco River between the Brazilian States of Bahia and Alagoas.

Of these it happens, quite naturally no doubt from a spectacular view-point, to be the wide falls, namely Niagara, the Victoria, and Iguazu Falls, which have been most often described and pictured, as opposed to the other four which, while lacking (with the exception of Guaira if its total extent be considered) any great width, fully rival their brethren in varying degrees in height and volume.

Of these four, Guaira, situated about 125 miles above the point where the Iguazu River joins the Parana, is unquestionably the mightiest water-power on earth as far as volume is concerned. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Sidwell, the manager of the Matte Larangeira Company, who has resided at the falls for many years and has made a special study of them, for some interesting particulars. He tells me that in 1921 a Commission of the Brazilian Government spent a considerable time measuring the flow of water above the falls and found it to be no less than some 406,000 cubic ft. per second; and this, moreover, at a period when the river was but little above its lowest, the reading on the gauge, which had previously been established, being only between 20 and 30 centimetres above the zero mark, whereas the average high-water level is between 2 and 2·30 metres above it. As cubic feet per second may convey little to the general reader, perhaps one can get a better idea of what this enormous volume means by making a comparison with our own homely Thames. Last December, for instance, during a fairly high Thames flood, the flow at Teddington was at one time calculated to be 5,200,000,000 gallons over a period of twenty-four hours; an amount equivalent to a trifle over 8,000 cubic ft. per second. So that to make up the above volume of Guaira it would require nearly fifty-one such flooded Thameses!

The mean annual discharge at Niagara, it may here be mentioned, is about 220,000 cubic ft. per second. The Victoria Falls, which are two-ninths of a mile wider than Niagara—in spite of the amazing assertion to the contrary in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*—and whose greatest height, as measured by the late Professor Schwartz, is 360 ft.* (though 400 and even 420 are often quite wrongly quoted), has a mean annual discharge of no more than 38,430 cubic ft. Its dead low-water flow may sink to 10,000 cubic ft. or even less; while its mean flood flow, taken over a period of eighteen years, has been found to *average* 82,000 cubic ft. The latter, however, varies greatly, being as little as 45,000 cubic ft. in 1914–1915, and attaining to 140,000 in 1924–1925.

Though the total drop at Guaira from the upper to the lower river, over a distance of about three miles, is over 370 ft., none of the falls, even at low water, when the drop is of course greatest, exceeds about 130 ft., and no continuously perpendicular drop is probably much over 65. But what the falls lack in height is amply made up for by the vertiginous fury with which they pour over the head and sides of the narrow gorge which is gradually eating its way back into the bed of the lake which the Parana has here formed above them. Besides the fall at the head of the gorge, above which the river measures over 2⅓ miles in width, there are five on the Paraguayan side of it and twelve more on the Brazilian side, making eighteen separate falls in all, their total extent, including the intervening islets which divide them, being between 5,000 and 6,000 yards. When it is realized that the average width of the main gorge itself is not more than between 80 to 100 yards, one may dimly imagine the terrific force of the imprisoned water as it surges down it, plunging now and again into deep hidden cauldrons whence it bursts upwards in

THE MELODRAMA OF of the Paulo Affonso The waters surge da Cachoeira. The into three of

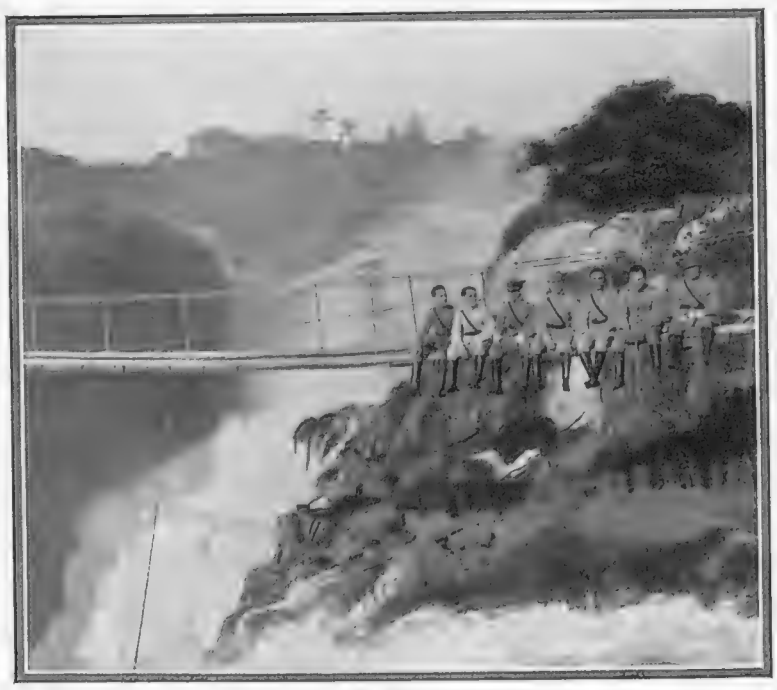
sheets of foam and with a report which has been likened to that of a distant cannon shot.

A rise of 1 metre above the falls will produce a rise of from 10 to 15 metres at Puerto Mendes below them. What the spectacle must be like in an extremely high flood, such as that of 1928 or 1905 it is almost impossible to conceive.

THE MAIN GORGE: An impressive section of the rapids at Guaira

In the latter year, as Mr. W. S. Barclay has recorded, the Parana rose to no less than 157 ft. in the gorge, so that the falls themselves disappeared and became one gigantic rapid. Moreover, the back-waters of the river flowing up the mouth of its tributary, the Iguazu, practically swamped and blotted out the celebrated falls of the latter, which ordinarily have a height of from 210 to 225 ft., so that they temporarily ceased to exist. At such a time, on the most conservative estimate, the volume of water must be at least five times the amount above mentioned; so that we would have a flow of certainly not less than 2,000,000 cubic ft. per second, equivalent to more than nine normal Niagaras, or to 250 Thameses in the state in which the latter was last December.

To do full justice to Guaira, however, would require a long separate article; nor shall I more than mention here the Grand Falls of Labrador which have a sheer leap of over 300 ft., and whose volume, at a rough guess, has been reckoned to be about 50,000 cubic ft.



A PRECARIOUS BRIDGE: A portion of fall eighteen—the last fall on the Brazilian side of the main gorge of the Guaira Falls

Though differing widely in many respects, the King George's Falls on the Orange River and those of Paulo Affonso in north-eastern Brazil have certain features in common, notably in the desolate nature of their surroundings, and in the further fact that in each case a river over a mile wide above its fall is compressed at the latter's brink to within less than 60 ft.; a fact which gives both falls great depth and velocity at the point of the "take-off," so that they hurl themselves furiously into their respective gulfs and inspire the visitor with a sense of profound awe, even terror, widely different indeed from those feelings of a "great peace" and "tranquillity" with which the sublimity of Niagara impressed Charles Dickens.

Above its fall the Orange, which has already traversed about a thousand miles, usually averages a mile or more in width; but as it nears them the stream is broken up into a network of channels, and the islands largely lose their verdure, becoming a maze of bare granite rocks of innumerable shapes and sizes. Presently several of these channels unite, and their combined waters flow swiftly down a rocky and tortuous corridor which

* *Mr. A. J. C. Molyneux, writing in* The Geographical Journal *for January, 1905, quotes 343 ft. for the greatest height of the Victoria Falls*

# FALLS of the WORLD

## The First Instalment of a Special Section of "The Sphere" Treating of a Little-known and Fascinating Subject

**By EDWARD C. RASHLEIGH**

deepens into a gorge, whose walls, clean-cut as though by some immense chisel, rise in places to a height of 200 ft. and more. Huge boulders here and there strew the bed of this ravine, among which the torrent chafes and surges as it plunges madly onwards to its leap; and on all sides numerous pot-holes, carved into the solid rock, bear witness to the immense force of the river in

SCENERY: The upper rapids Falls, Brazil, at low water, down with fury to the Mãi river is divided by rocks its five branches

time of flood. After continuing for perhaps a thousand yards at an ever-increasing depth, this corridor suddenly makes a right-angled turn, around which the river rushes with amazing speed, only to hurl itself out a short distance beyond, a sheer 150 ft., into a great canyon which extends for several miles below and is flanked by stark cliffs 500 ft. in height.

But not all the waters of the Orange feed this main fall. There are, besides, numerous other spruits which flow parallel to and on either side of the central channel, and these, passing by the head of the great fall, leap into the canyon, after devious and subterranean windings, at various points lower down. And it is because these side spruits have to be crossed before one can approach the main fall, whether from the north or south bank, that access to it is impossible except in the dry season. Hence it must be remembered that all existing photographs of the falls have necessarily been taken at comparatively low water and therefore fail to represent them in their full grandeur. No photograph, moreover, gives any adequate idea of the true height of the falls, as the entire lack of trees or vegetation affords no scale by which the eye can measure it. The bare masses of granite battle one's sense of proportion.

Though but a slender stream in the dry season, what the Orange is capable of in times of flood may be gathered from the fact that a rise of 20 ft. in a couple of hours or so is by no means unusual. At Upington a rise of 50 ft. has been recorded in twelve hours. Thompson himself found vestiges of its overflowings above the falls "at least a mile from the margin of the water, and at some places to three and four times that distance."

Paulo Affonso consists of tremendous and unique rapids which descend for over 70 ft. followed by an awe-inspiring fall where all the combined waters of the various branches of the river, compressed into a width of no more than 56 ft., plunged down in one gigantic column for a further 192 ft. The breadth of the river five miles above the falls is one and a quarter miles at ordinary flow, and the rapids and falls occur within a distance of 1,000 yards, most of the descent being comprised within the last 300.

The falls are not caused, as Burton has pointed out, by any break of the river through a mountain range, but they are set in the heart of a parched and stony plain covered with thick scrub in which the waters have carved an immense fissure. After passing between narrow channels between the islands of Forquilha, Felis, S. Goncalo, and Praia, as well as through numerous smaller islets, the river suddenly begins its descent with a first leap of 20 ft., and then, divided by rocky ridges into four main branches, it rushes with furious velocity, a mass of tangled and leaping foam, down a steep quebrada, or ravine, whose black and burnished cliffs rise from 70 to 100 ft. above it.

The accompanying pictures depict the rapids at high and low water respectively. In the former season they lose much of their beauty, though they gain enormously in the sense of awe-inspiring power which they evoke. A comparison of these views will show the great increase of the river's volume in flood which is usually reckoned to be at least three if not five times, the low water flow, and, on occasions, far more.

After surging down the quebrada, as above described, the four branches of the river unite and then rush onwards to the seething cauldron known as the "Mãi da Cachoeira," or "Mother of the Falls." Here they are joined by a fifth branch which has made a detour, and which now plunges down at a slanting angle over the right-hand cliff from a height of 72 ft., impinging almost on to the crest of the main fall itself and forming the separate and beautiful cascade known as the Cachoeira do Angiquinho. The united volume of the whole river, now confined within a width of less than 60 ft., then hurls itself furiously against an opposing rampart of rock, and, rebounding at right angles, falls in a column of immense thickness into the gorge 192 ft. below.

It is doubtful if any falls in the world can give so great an impression of speed, diversity, and power as these—"power tremendous, inexorable, irresistible," as Burton expressed it. And both he and Liais, an engineer who had shortly before surveyed the whole river, agreed that while Niagara made most appeal when viewed from a distance, Paulo Affonso was far the more impressive and awe-inspiring from a nearer standpoint. Both also state that the rush and compression of the waters at the brink of the fall is so great that it causes a kind of *tourbillon*, or whirlwind, against which it is said that it is impossible to cast a stone for a greater distance than 18 ft.

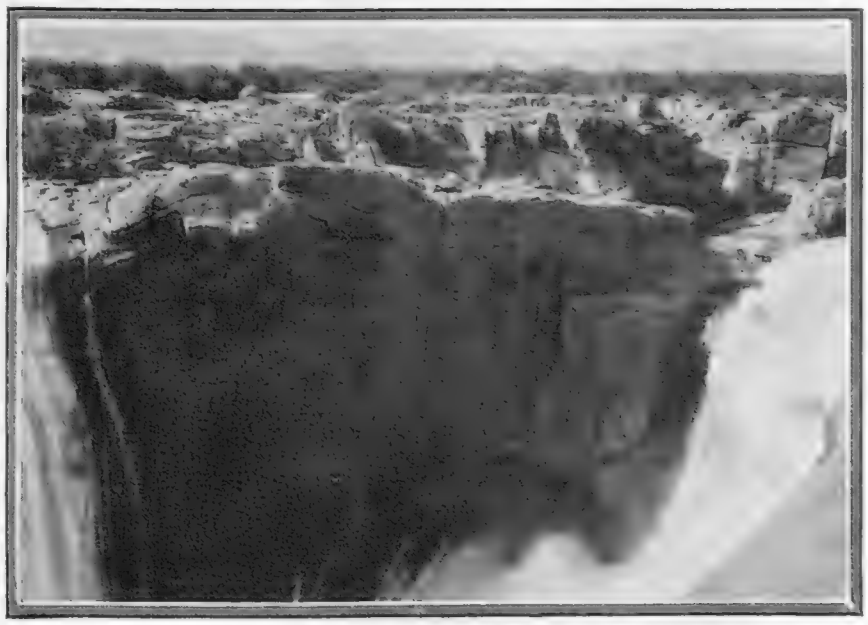
Unfortunately it is extremely difficult to get a good view of the entire face of the main fall, as a projecting cliff on the left partially hides it. In flood, the river will rise, on an average, at least 13 ft. above the falls, which means a corresponding rise in the narrow gorge below them of no less than 98 ft. The gorge below the falls continues for over forty-two miles and in places the cliffs are 570 ft. high.

In connection with its great volume, it must be remembered that the São Francisco River is over 1,800 miles in length and has already covered more than 1,600 miles at the point where it makes its leap. That is to say it has traversed more than twice the distance covered by the Zambesi up to the Victoria Falls, and nearly four times the entire length of the Iguazu River. Liais states that at dead low water and after six months absolute drought the discharge of the river at its mouth is not less than about 99,000 cubic ft. per second, and as it receives no tributaries of any size between the falls and the sea, the amount at the former, at the same low-water period, may safely be assessed at not much less than 75,000. Thus even the *minimum* volume at Paulo Affonso is not far behind the *average flood* flow at the Victoria Falls. It probably exceeds the volume

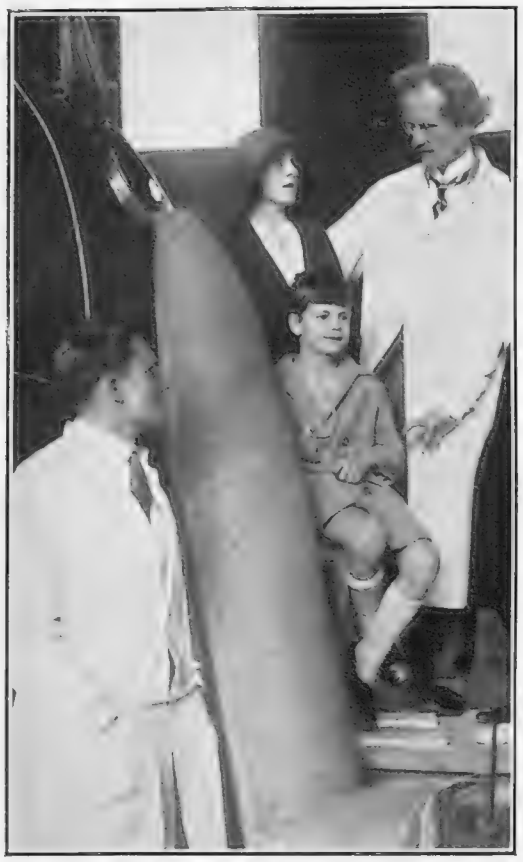
A CHAOTIC MADNESS OF FOAM: The upper rapids of the Paulo Affonso Falls in spate. A comparison with the inset picture shows the stupendous volume of water which almost submerges the huge rocks. On the right is the intake pipe of the Cia Agro Fabril Mercantile

of the Iguazu Falls in even greater degree, whose flow has been most grotesquely exaggerated by almost every single writer on South America who has made any illusion to them, and figures have been quoted from Argentine sources which are palpably based on guesswork, and ridiculous guesswork at that, rather than on any accurate measurements. Their available h.p. has been calculated to be not more than 350,000, whereas Paulo Affonso can furnish at least 2,000,000.

The total height of Paulo Affonso is also considerably greater than that of the Iguazu Falls, and (Guaira always excepted as regards volume) it is to this much neglected northern Brazilian giant that the title of "The Niagara of Brazil" should with the greater justice be assigned.



KING GEORGE'S FALLS: The main fall hurtles out in a dense column on the right; the adjacent side fall cascades on the left. The cliff in the centre is 500 ft. high



*LADY DRUMMOND-HAY AT AUGSBURG: "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent with Professor Piccard, one junior, his family, and his assistant, Professor Kipfer, who is standing by the air tube. Professor Piccard endeavoured to persuade Lady Drummond-Hay that his balloon was safer than the* Graf Zeppelin*—an unconscious piece of irony!*

# LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

## An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

**THE VERY "DUCE."**—Herr Adolf Hitler, Austrian, aged forty, bachelor, a potential "Mussolini," has suddenly been thrust on to the European stage as the "little Napoleon" of German politics, by the German Reichstag elections on September 14.

Derided as co-leader with General Ludendorff in the somewhat farcical *Putsch*, or revolution, of only a few hours' duration in Munich in 1923—ridiculed for his anti-Semitism and his national views for Germany, the increase in his following in two years, from 800,000 votes in 1928 to over six-and-a-half-million this month, from twelve deputies in the Reichstag to 107 in one leap, surprised Germany and startled Europe.

No less startling, even more significant perhaps, the fact that Germany, bourgeois citadel in Central Europe, turned radical with more than nineteen-and-a-half million votes, for Socialism, Communism, Fascism, out of thirty-four million votes.

Herr Hitler missed being a German by seventy-five yards. He was born that distance on the Austrian side of the border. He is not a German citizen to-day. It rankles deeply in him that although he served through the War as volunteer in the German Army, twice decorated for bravery, several times wounded, German citizenship has been refused him. Expulsion as an "undesirable" has been held over his head. Now he has revealed himself so strong that no German Government would dare undertake that.

Hitler has suddenly become the political riddle of Germany. Of dynamic energy, fanatical fervour, hypnotic speech, activist in programme, all Germany and much of Europe will have eyes on Herr Hitler during the next months.

**THE BALLOON THAT DIDN'T!**—Of all the spectacular adventures conceived in the name of science, few have surpassed Professor Piccard's idea of and invention for the most daring balloon flight in history. Of all the shock-headed, be-spectacled scientists I have ever met, not one resembled the eager, almost boyishly enthusiastic six-foot-two giant who, in Augsburg the other day, proudly showed me the half-black, half-white aluminium globe in which he and his young assistant, Professor Kipfer, plan to explore the air ten miles above the earth—higher than any human being has ever penetrated before. Of all the heroes' wives, fated to watch and wait the uncertain result of her husband's gamble with Death, I never knew one as cheerful and undismayed as Madame Piccard.

I went to Augsburg to learn from the famous Swiss professor himself something of his object, aim, and expectations regarding this balloon ascent. Expecting to experience some difficulty in unearthing a crabbed, inaccessible philosopher, I was astonished to meet the most genial welcome from Professor Piccard, who emerged head-first and not without effort from a port-hole in the 7-ft. diameter hollow globe, fitted up as a veritable flying laboratory. This will be attached to the biggest balloon ever released from the earth.

Inviting me to examine the brightly-lighted interior, the professor explained the use and object of the various instruments with which he will register the results of his researches in this undiscovered world. Showed me the two uncomforting seats upon which he and Professor Kipfer will sit through their amazing vigil. Fitted on his head a novel "crash-helmet" which looked like a snugly-lined cat-basket, and told me they are taking oxygen for ten or twelve hours and food for three days in case the balloon descends in some deserted place. The hollow globe in which both professors will sit and soar is to be attached to a gigantic balloon, to inflate which I saw 410 steel cylinders of hydrogen stacked up against the wall.

As if totally oblivious to any possible danger, the Professor discussed his enterprise with anticipatory enjoyment, declaring his object is to study cosmic phenomena in connection with Eintstein's Theory of Relativity and various rays.

At ten miles above the earth Professor Piccard expects to encounter cold 60 deg. or 70 deg. below zero. In order to attract the warming rays of the sun the black half of the metal globe will be turned towards it, and that—the Professor learnedly explained—will provide the "heating." Powdered lead is being carried as ballast instead of sand, being heavier and less bulky.

"Extreme caution will be necessary to regulate the descent so that we do not fall through the air too quickly, and by consequent friction overheat the metal globe, roast ourselves inside, and set fire to the supporting balloon."

Parachutes will be carried. Madame Piccard, listening delightedly to her husband's recital, did not relax her smile even when he grew vividly eloquent about the dangers, while the two little children looked from tall father to the big globe in thrilled absorption.

When I asked Madame Piccard if she were not a little bit anxious, her reply reflected surprise and some indignation.

"Anxious, not at all," she retorted in French. "I am habituated to the experiments of my husband. He is always doing extraordinary things. And after so long preparation I am reassured that this also will be a perfect success, *n'est ce pas?*" She smiled up to catch his smile. But the Professor had wriggled his lank person through the port-hole back into the ball. Family lunch hour declared he came out, took the warmest leave of the motley assembly in the shed, joined the domestic procession homewards, like any other unscientific hungry man.

**18,000,000 SOULS A YEAR.**—Vital world-problems, in scope, in immensity, in potential possibilities unparalleled in known history, confront mankind to-day. They threaten still more, the civilization of a distant but measurable future.

The population of the earth, it is estimated by statisticians, is now growing at the rate of 50,000 souls every day of twenty-four hours. That is an increase of more than 2,000 every hour—1,500,000 every month; 18,000,000 more mouths to feed, to find work, to claim the right of the pursuit of happiness, every year.

It is believed that the population of the earth was about 900,000,000 in the year 1800 A.D. In 1920, it was placed at 1,725,000,000. In 1928 at 1,920,000,000. By the end of this year, it is calculated that the earth will have crossed the two billion line of population. From this it will be seen, that neither wars, epidemics, plagues, famines, nor convulsions of Nature, have checked the growth of population. Mankind has followed God's decree "Increase and multiply."

If statistics are approximately correct, there are to-day about twenty human beings to every square mile of the earth's surface, ranging from 91 to the square mile in Europe, 35 in Asia, 11 in North America, 5 in South America, and less than 2 in Australia.

As sanitation, even the most elementary principles of hygiene and medical science increasingly penetrate such densely-populated countries as India and China, as wars decrease, and the intervals of peace grow longer, the growth of the population of the earth will be at a much more rapid rate in the next hundred years than in the past century, unless Nature itself finds a way of checking it.

Long before the population of the world reaches the third billion, radical adjustments of economic life and principles, and a far-reaching sociological and social revolution will have been forced by this increase of humanity. That is inevitable. The millions of unemployed, the growth of Socialism, Communism, Fascism, may be advance manifestation of those great coming problems, which in part are already with us. A radical redistribution of the population of the earth from the most congested to the least inhabited parts, would seem to be unavoidable.

The falling birth-rate in the civilized countries, especially of the western world, together with the spread of the theory of birth-control, may also be the first indications of a biological law of "balance." It may, however, also spell the end of the domination of the white race.

**A MERITED CANONISATION.**—A postman in Japan has been acclaimed "Saint." Not for any particular ritual of piety, or miracle-performing, but because one kindly thought a day has built a monument of security and protection for travellers and little children treading the path of his dangerous round.

Ishizuka Kumataro, postman attached to the Mize Post Office of Toyoura-mura, about forty miles from Sakata, was allotted a delivery-round including the bleak and windy pass of Kasa-tori-toge, overlooking a perilous sheer descent to the sea. Ishizuka learned of one accident after another. Unwary travellers and little children blown off the pass by the wind. The village authorities had no funds to build in such an unfrequented spot.

So for seven days the good-hearted postman daily sought and placed in position one or two stones as he came and went about his duty. To-day a strong embankment, 4 ft. high, 4 ft. thick, and 100 ft. long lines the track along the precipice. This unaided voluntary work of sixty-five-year-old "Saint Ishizuka," as he is now known to the villagers, has been recognized by the authorities, but is declared to be amongst the least of the thoughtful good works which have earned him his "sainthood."

*FRATERNIZATION ON MANŒUVRES: The autumn exercises of the German Army were held in Thuringia. Soldiers are seen above making friends with the villagers of Romhild*

*REHEARSAL: Sessue Hayakawa, the film star, is appearing at the Imperial Theatre, Tokio,* in propriâ personâ *in an adaptation of "The Honourable Mr. Wong" by David Belasco. Above are seen Makato Kobori (second from right), Sessue Hayakawa, Yaeko Midzutani, Japan's most popular actress, and Shotaro Hanayanagi. Tea is evidently the staple diet of rehearsal!*

# LADIES of JAPAN

## newly pictured in Tokio

*JAPAN'S PIONEER WOMAN ALPINIST: Mrs. Hatsuko Kurota of Tokio, who is planning to attempt the conquest of the steepest peak in the Japanese Alps, Mount Tsurugi-ga-Take. A noted beauty of her country, Mrs. Kurota is seen above in her home — Yotsuya, Tokio, preparing for her journey, never before accomplished by a member of her sex*

*SELECTED FROM THE WHOLE NATION: The filming of "The Late Mme Takeko Kujo," the life of the younger sister of the Dowager Empress, who was the idol of the country for her beauty, her philanthropy and her literary gift is now under production by the Toa Company. A nation-wide search for a suitable protagonist of the title rôle resulted in two ladies being selected—Miss Kuoko Sudzumara and Miss Nachiko Mihara*

# HISTORY REWRITTEN

## The Puritan's Position in History Questioned: Cromwell Challenged: The Star Chamber and the Maypole: The test of Divine Right

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

I remarked some weeks ago upon the fact that our modern writers are turning the history books upside down. It is not only Major Thompson of Chicago who wants history rewriting, he merely objected to "Mr. George of Windsor," and the British who inherit the earth, but our best scholars are upsetting our firmest convictions. Few of us have any liking for the Puritans. From the point of view of colour and romance they were a drab lot. Not even Mr. Drinkwater's genius could do much with Oliver Cromwell, and the lack of licentiousness in that era was a severe strain upon the manufacture of literature. Now here comes Mrs. Storm Jameson with a grand attack on the Army of Puritans, *The Decline of Merry England* (Cassell. 10s. 6d.). It was they who destroyed Merrie England—that we know—but she carries the charge further; it is they who are responsible for the dire condition in which we find England to-day, for they prepared the way for a breed of middle-class, conscienceless business men who, in the lust for money, were eager to destroy the king, the aristocracy, the landed classes, and the whole gay fabric of life in England. The Puritan rising was not a religious one, nor for the purpose of liberty, but an economic attack of the individual against King, Church, and the classes that stood for harmony. John Hampden, so far from being the noble figure of our schoolroom, defying the King in the unlawful collection of ship money, was no more heroic and no more right, and far less justified, than we should be in defying the far more iniquitous call of the income-tax collector.

*A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER: Count Keyserling, who is writing his new book at Schonhausen, the birthplace of the Iron Chancellor. Countess Keyserling is a sister of Prince Bismarck, now at the German Embassy*

If John Hampden lived to-day he would find himself in gaol, which is where Charles would have put him had he had the power. As for taxation, the Hampdens of that day had far heavier demands from the successors of King Charles, and had to pay them.

Just as Wesley and Whitefield co-operated with industrial speculators, and lit the slums they created with the rays of religion, so the Puritan fathers joined forces with the rising middle-classes in an attack, in the name of religion and liberty, on the old order of society, "yet the eleven years of personal rule of Charles I are remarkable in that they witnessed the only period of governmental efficiency in the century." Such is the case Mrs. Jameson presents. Almost she persuadeth me. Almost, for I can hear the bee buzzing in her bonnet. How gladly would I see the Puritans set down as a drab mean-souled lot. I, too, would fling the cloak, clank the spur, and raise the glass to the handsome King, but somehow I cannot believe that the Star Chamber was composed of gentle, benign souls, that Hampden was a tax-dodging humbug, Cromwell a visionless tyrant.

There is something in Mrs. Jameson's thesis, but she is too partisan. The test had come for Parliamentary control against the obsolete theory of Divine right. Does the author seriously contend that it was a misfortune for England that the former triumphed? Unless she does, her book means nothing, and if she does her whole case fails before common-sense judgment. Something much more than cheap ale and maypoles were at stake. Merrie England was dead the moment the Star Chamber was constituted. Mrs. Jameson is a wilful pleader of a case that will not bear examination, but her liveliness, the admirable and new picture she draws of England, and her freshness of mind and expression make the book most readable. History can well support this attack upon an established case.

The third volume of Lord d'Abernon's *Diary* (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.), one of the most interesting diaries of our late Ambassador in Berlin, is thronged with revealing portraits of the great diplomatic and political figures of the age. The book deals primarily with Locarno. I cannot regard it with anything like the importance that Lord d'Abernon, with so much better knowledge, accords it, as a milestone in the pacification of Europe. But then I have never fallen under the thrall of Sir Austen Chamberlain, with his hereditary monocle, stiff neck at home, and supine back in France. For me Locarno was a big drum that had not burst but sagged, and the Chamberlain legend might explain a lot in the strange spectacle of a swollen French budget and an empty British one. But I must not obtrude my political heresies and forget reviews for views.

Howsoever Lord d'Abernon be impregnated with Chamberlainitis and the lore of Locarno, the book cannot be put down. The magnificent Curzon emerges in momentary humility. "A few weeks ago I thought I was swaying great destinies—to-day I know I am swaying nothing." There is a breath-taking heresy on Lord d'Abernon's part in the course of a talk with Churchill, in whom he sees an analogy with Stresemann, energy, irresponsibility, aggressiveness, charm. Can it be that Lord d'Abernon seriously holds with internal loan repudiation, and has little sympathy with the ruination of the saving classes, because "in Germany the classes who have just lost their total investments in *rentes* are not a bit less disposed to save"? I must challenge this statement, as I must challenge this heresy. Much of Germany's trouble to-day is due to the fact that thrift has been struck a mortal blow.

Mr. S. Guy Endore made me suspicious at once of his *Casanova* (Routledge. 15s.). He began with high falutin', a tremendous display of scholarship, and a method suspiciously like those earnest American biographers whose tireless industry is made useless by an incapacity for restraint and selection. A series of "colorful" adjectives confirmed my suspicions. "Later in life he found the opportunity and perhaps the imagination to give himself a shining if dubious genealogy." Perhaps? What does that sentence mean? And the wealthy Venetians at the theatre did not shower orange peel on the pit, the *Bucentaur* was not rowed down the Grand Canal, it was much too large, it lay off the Piazzetta. The whole book is an over-wrought palimpsest.

Here are four excellent novels which are worth 7s. 6d., their price. *Grand Hotel*, by Vicki Baum (Bles.). *The Back-to-Backs*, by J. C. Grant (Chatto and Windus). *The Furnace*, by Franz Schauwecker (Methuen), and *The Pig is Fat*, by Lawrence Maynard (Gollancz). The first is a powerful gentleman-cracksman love episode with a fading ballerina set in a Berlin hotel. It grips from the first page to the last and makes even inanimate objects speak. The second is a terrible indictment of mining conditions which would be powerful without Mr. O'Flaherty's hysterical introduction. The third is a war in the trenches book, from the German side, this time written with sanity and no nose held down in the cesspool. The fourth is by a convict, which does not matter, but by a writer, which does, for he can tell a holding story of drink, dope, and the morass into which legislation has plunged the American nation on its march to a new civilization.

For those who like their history potted and highly seasoned there is Mr. Clement Wood's *King Henry the Rake* (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.). Whether regarded as a great king, a great blackguard, or a mixture of both, Henry's sadistic infidelity makes lively reading. Fiction could not invent a more astonishing figure, and Mr. Wood's fictionisation is scarcely necessary. Mr. Theodore Dreiser has been prevented from birth from writing a dull book. Here is his *Twelve Men* (Constable. 7s. 6d.) with sufficient material direct from life to equip a hundred novelists of the pernicious-anæmia school. It consists of twelve studies of types in life. *Black Cap*, by W. L. Townsend (Marriott. 10s. 6d.), is a potted recital of twenty murders. Read this book and you will hesitate about committing murder, either as a pastime or fine art. One has as much chance as a white corpuscle in Harley Street in getting away from Scotland Yard's diagnosis. Mr. Charles Ashleigh's first novel, *Rambling Kid* (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.), is in a sense autobiography, and has all the vitality one expects of a novel taken direct from life. In his case an amazing experience, including emigration from Limehouse to Dakota, jail, and service in the U.S.S.R., has provided his material, but he writes with a sense of poetry in life and words.

In his *Roads to Glory* (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Richard Aldington has collected thirteen stories, all concerned with what might be termed war-neurastheniæ. Mr. Aldington will have nothing to do with a romantic conception of war, and if his reader rebels a little against the unmitigated gloom of these portraits it is because the author desires that very effect. Here is no adjustment of life. The sheer bitterness of "The Lads of the Village" is perhaps the truest war memorial we shall have. It presents the complete case of war wasting.

Students of the political world are well catered for this week. Here is Lord Askwith's careful study, *Lord James of Hereford* (Benn, Ltd. 21s.), which presents the career of a central figure in the Irish Home Rule controversy, and later in the Fiscal question, when Lord James took up the Free Trade championship. Mr. J. A. Spender gives us a short survey of the late Sir Robert Hudson, the pilot of the Liberal ship, until he left the helm, sensing its final doom. This book, *Sir Robert Hudson* (Cassell, 7s. 6d.), sets forth the personal triumph of the Birmingham boy who became Secretary of the National Liberal Federation, but the most distinguishing quality of the man was his genius for making friends. Something of the innate charm of this man, at once sensitive and resolute, glows in the tributes paid by Barry, Birrell, and Garvin. *Lord John Russell*, by A. Wyatt Tilby (Cassell. 15s.), is a much needed biography of the little giant of liberty in the later nineteenth century. His name has undeservedly suffered eclipse. A Queen who disliked him was compelled to make him Prime Minister when Peel fell; he married after forty, tackled Pio Nono, faced the *Alabama* storm, and backed Cavour in Italy.

*PRESIDENT OF THE JOHNSON SOCIETY: Mr. A. Edward Newton, an ardent American Johnsonian, was elected to his exalted office at the annual meeting of the Society held at Lichfield last Saturday. Mr. Newton is succeeding Mr. S. C. Roberts of Cambridge. Despite Johnson's many flagrantly vituperative sallies against the Americans he is revered in the States and visiting Americans invariably visit his old haunt, the Cheshire Cheese*

Colonel the Hon. F. H. Wellesley has edited *The Diary and Correspondence of Henry Wellesley*, First Lord Cowley (Hutchinson. 21s.). Cowley was Ambassador in Vienna and Paris. He was actively involved in the peace convention between Ferdinand and Napoleon, and was in Vienna when it was the hotbed of diplomatic intrigue. His time in Paris coincided with the tottering of Louis Philippe's throne. It is singular that the last few months have seen two biographies of a brilliant band of brothers. Mr. P. E. Roberts has given us the life of Lord Richard Wellesley, Governor-General of India. There was William Wellesley, later Lord Maryborough, and of course the Iron Duke. Well might their mother, Lady Mornington, seeing her carriage obstructed by the crowd, exclaim, "so much for the honour of being mother of the Gracchi." There is nothing very remarkable emerging from Colonel Wellesley's biography, but it is well planned and edited, and gives us a good political conception of Europe in the first forty years of the nineteenth century.

IMMORTALIZED BY CONSTABLE: *Flatford Mill and Willy Lott's Cottage have been presented to the nation by Mr. John Pilkington*

REFLECTIONS OF PLACIDITY: *The bridge and cottage leading to Flatford Mill. This area is now a thriving artist colony who combine work with a holiday*

PREPARING FOR A ONE-WOMAN SHOW *Miss Frances Hodgkins in her studio in The Mill. She is holding a one-woman show at St. George's Gallery, Hanover Square, in October*

AN ARTIST'S PARADISE: *Miss Frances Hodgkins sketching near Flatford Mill*

# CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY

## now a National Possession

Camera in hand, "The Sphere" has been wandering along the leafy banks of the Stour, through the meads and glades known as the Constable country, in the heart of which lies the famous Flatford Mill and Willy Lott's cottage. These pictures show the present condition and appearance of these pictorially famous buildings. In outline they are much the same as when Constable pictured them in the "Valley Farm" and the "Hay Wain" and other pictures and studies. Since they came into the possession of Mr. John Pilkington, Willy Lott's cottage has been restored and is now quite a clean and tidy place. Facing it across the mill pond is the famous Flatford Mill. This, also, has been rehabilitated, and its rooms are made available as working studios for artists who wish to draw in the immediate neighbourhood of the mill. These pictures were taken on a quiet week-day during this month. On Sundays there is a great congregation of motor-cyclists to this famous spot. They gather chiefly on the bridge shown in our central picture.

As Good as Gold!



Painted by Douglas Waves

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd

# PHOTOGRAPHY *as a* FINE ART

Notable Prints from the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, 35, Russell Square

Lt.-Col. F. D. S. FAYRER, I.M.S., A.R.P.S.

**NIGHT HERON:** *The most bashful member of the shy family of herons—a family which includes bitterns, boat-bills, and egrets*

S. W. LIDDELL

**WHAT WAS THAT?** *A delightful study of the curiosity, tinged with alarm, of a trio of ducks startled by the circular ripples of a stone cast into the water at their feet*

W. S. PITT

**GEOGRAPHIC TERRAPIN:** *A North American species of terrapin, the markings on no two of which are similar*

STANLEY CROOK

**COMMON TERN LEAVING NEST:** *The upflung wings of this "sea swallow," as the tern is colloquially termed, seem of prodigious length. The bird is allied to the gull family. A cousin of the tern is the wideawake, which breeds on Ascension Island*

# SOLITUDE *and* SILENCE

## Four Magnificent Examples from the Photographic Art Exhibitions

*"SOLITUDE," by R. C. De Morgan, at the London Salon of Photography. On right—"CIRRUS-BANDS," by G. A. Clarke, at the Royal Photographic Society Exhibition*

*"AN OCEAN WANDERER," by A. Ford, at the London Salon of Photography*

The autumn is pre-eminently the season for photographic exhibitions. Not only is the Royal Photographic Society Show held at 35, Russell Square, but there is also the Annual Exhibition of British Photography at the Suffolk Street Galleries. In the R.P.S. this year there are 215 prints by 172 photographers in the pictorial section. 122 prints are British, 40 are American, 32 Continental, 18 Imperial,

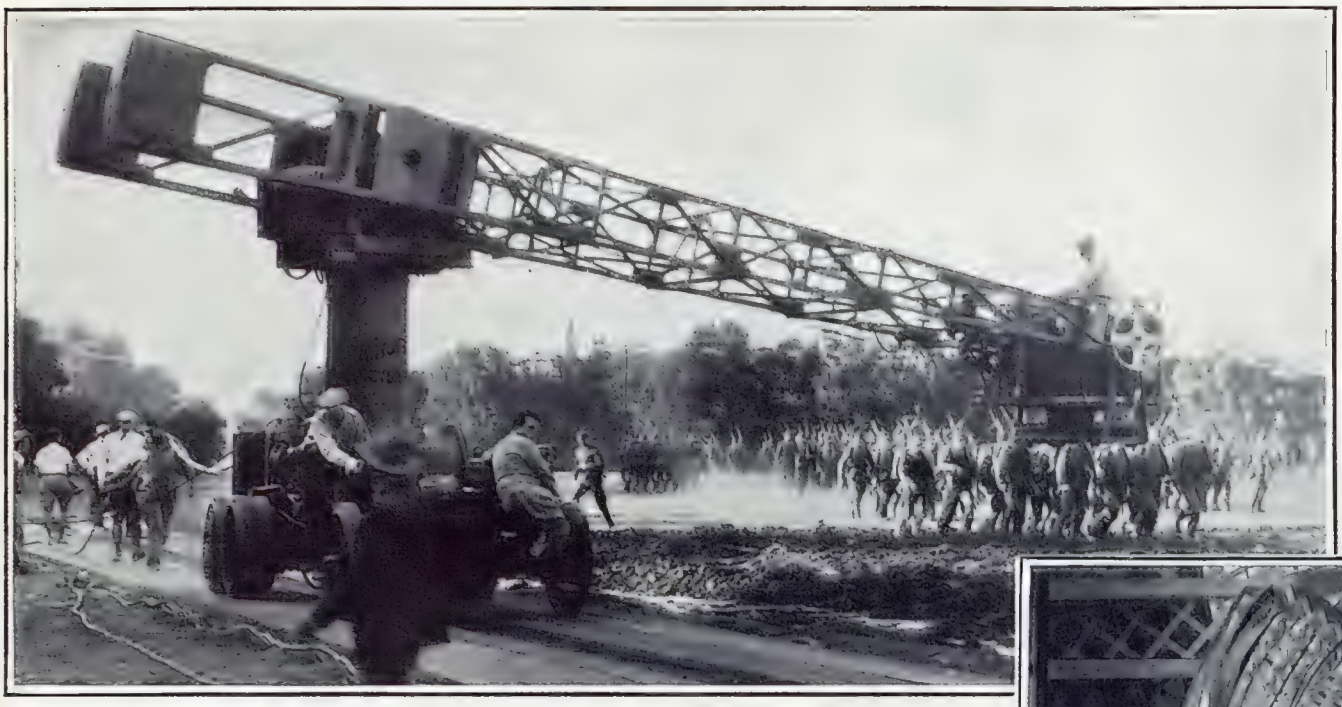
*"NEPTUNE'S RAGE," by H. S. Thorne at the Royal Photographic Society Exhibition*

this year
al section.
3 Imperial,

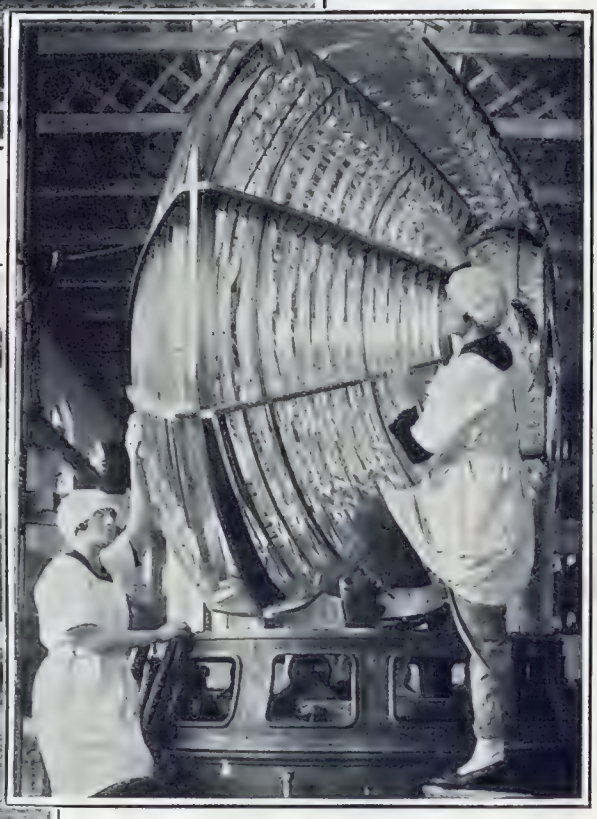
2 Japanese, and 1 Chinese. There is also a wonderful collection of natural history photographs, one of scientific photography, and a special exhibit from the Ilford Research Laboratories. Meteorological photographs, engine combustion in photographs, records of Roman Britain, and scenes on a sugar plantation in Cuba are other attractions. An additional feature is a set of colour transparencies.

# MECHANICAL MARVELS *of* MODERN LIFE

*The Camera Crane: The Guerledan Barrage: Lens-making in Smethwick: A Motor-boat Victory: Lambeth Bridge in the building*

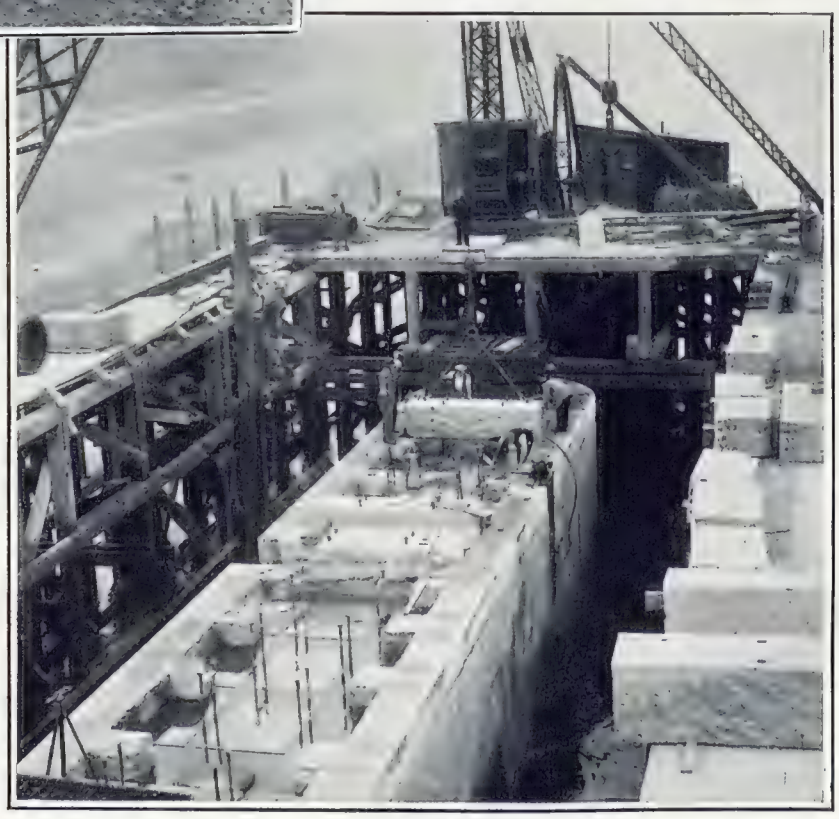


*A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC ADJUNCT: A huge portable crane for the camera used in the screen classic,* All Quiet on the Western Front. *The obtaining of universal view-points—technically termed "cock-eyed angles"—renders such mechanical devices necessary*



*SMETHWICK'S INDUSTRY: Girl lens-makers prepare a mammoth lighthouse lens to the order of Trinity House*

*AN INTERNATIONAL VICTOR: Falchetto, an Italian entry in the second International Motor-boat Races, Venice. Falchetto won in the out-board class.* Above—*ELECTRIFYING BRITTANY: The great barrage erected at Guerlédan is 215 metres long, 45 metres high, 33 metres thick at the base, and 1·55 metres thick at the top. It is set on the canal from Nantes, and has been set up by the Union Hydro-electrique Armoricaine Company*



*A SUPPORT FOR LAMBETH BRIDGE: One of the massive stone supports of the new Lambeth Bridge, destined to cost over half-a-million sterling, is seen above nearing completion*

The Union Hydro-electrique Armoricaine Company has constructed a huge barrage at Guerlédan, on the canal from Nantes to Brest. It is a cardinal factor in a big scheme for the electrification of a large part of Brittany.

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"MUSIC HATH *CHARMS*": Native snake-charmers playing home-made hollow gourd pipes to their venomous pets. Contrary to general belief, the music has no actual effect on the cobra. The snakes are frequently "milked" by the sampiahs

HOODED DEATH: Cobras, whose bite is almost always fatal, although a second "strike" may be innocuous

A SAMPIAH AT WORK: A native charmer with his deadly pet

# CHARMERS of SNAKES

## Governmental Methods of Combating the Peril and High Mortality of Snake-bite

We have received from Colonel F. D. Fayrer, I.M.S., the distinguished expert, the pictures of snakes reproduced above. The mortality from snake-bite in India being a matter of such importance, it is natural that the Government should have initiated research into possible antidotes and methods of defence. Laboratories for this special purpose were instituted, and with the Pasteur discoveries, the development of anti-serum, in this instance anti-venin, attracted especial attention. The cobra, having moderately large and grooved poison fangs, and the Russell's viper, with large curved and crenellated poison fangs, are the snakes which account chiefly for the large number of deaths from snake-bites throughout India. When extracting venom, the serpent is first lifted out of its cage with a stick and is thrown on the ground. As it commences to move away the charmer places his foot on its tail and presses the back of its head into the ground with a stick. He then gradually works his left hand up to the snake's neck and seizes it behind the stick, his thumb being placed at the back of its head and the index-finger under the lower jaw to keep it closed. The creature is now grasped firmly with the right hand about a foot from the head, and is thus prevented from wriggling and biting. Gently compressing the poison glands, which are situated behind the eye, causes the venom to be ejected along the poison duct and the grooved fang; the process is called "milking." As soon as the snakes have been "milked," they require feeding—in their wild natural life absorption of food follows attack and loss of venom. Food is given by means of a funnel placed down the snake's throat into which milk is poured. The sampiahs, or snake-charmers, use a hollow bone for this purpose. The snakes are not "milked" again for two to three weeks, and recovery from snake-bite, as sometimes occurs, may, indeed, be due to the fact that the reptile has struck something else earlier and not yet manufactured a sufficient lethal dose in its poison gland. It is interesting to note also that the cobra often strikes with closed mouth during the daytime and does no harm, though instances have been known of natives so struck dying of sheer fright. It is in the evening, when the cobra seeks food, that it is most dangerous. Snake-charmers are found all over India, and young children are frequently trained in the business. So adept do they become that they can handle the deadliest serpent, but of course the charmers take good care to "milk" their pets regularly. They seem, too, to have an uncanny control of the reptiles, but on the other hand, the music of the home-made hollow gourd pipes has actually no effect on the cobra; the swaying of the head is rather an imitation of the movement of the sampiah, which the reptile closely follows

*Exhibited by E. HEIMANN, at London Salon of Photography, 1930*

OLD MAN MOUNTAIN: The Matterhorn, whose weapons include avalanche, mist, crumbling slopes, and snow-covered crevasses

# THE MATTERHORN takes its REVENGE

**The tragic end of the "Wolf of the Glaciers," Hermann Perren, Ace of Guides, on his 144th Ascent**

By A. B. JOHNSON

Among those who live in the high valleys of the Alps there is a saying that the Old Man of the Mountain always wins in the end—that the White Death awaits those who become irreverent or grow *blasé* over his tolerance. Guides who have grizzled among the peaks and defiles of the Bernese Oberland, the Valasian Alps, and the Mont Blanc and Jungfrau ranges seldom, when sober, speak disparagingly of the mountains—they have seen them triumph far too often.

The recent tragic (mountaineers find it heroic) end of the career of Hermann Perren of Zermatt, ace of contemporary guides, just as he was about to end his mountaineering days is a typical example of the Odysseys which are yearly recorded, yet seldom sung on the printed page, among the mountain folk.

Perren was born in the mountains, he lived his life in the mountains, and died in the mountains. At the age of sixty he had conquered the famous Matterhorn, king of Swiss peaks, 143 times. His goal was 150 ascensions, after which he had promised his family and friends that he would retire from the sport—and business. He knew every cranny and crag of the rugged and forbidding peak against which he had so many times matched his instinct and intelligence amid diverse conditions.

But, like Alexander Burgener, around whom they still weave legends in the Oberlands, although two decades have passed since the Bergli hurled an avalanche down upon the intrepid guide and his companions, enveloping them in the white death that is so omnipresent, Hermann Perren could not fight the unknown. He may have passed over the same spot a score of times in the days gone by, yet when a treacherous *pont de neige* opened at his feet he dragged his companion, to whom he was roped, with him to keep his rendezvous with Old Man Mountain. They recovered the bodies from the 150-ft. crevasse some time later, frozen rigid in their icy tomb—and Perren is now enshrined with Burgener and others who have gone before him in the Alpine hall of fame.

To the little village of Zermatt, which nestles several thousand feet above sea level under the shadow of the Cervin (as Matterhorn is also called), the tragic accident brought consternation. Perren, its most celebrated native son, was exceedingly popular, a member of the village council, proprietor of a picturesque wayside hostel, and an authority on everything pertaining to mountaineering. Among Valasian guides he was known far and wide by the sobriquet Wolf of the Glaciers, and as a worthy successor of Burgener of Eisten.

Matterhorn is known the world over as a sporting mountain. Every climber of any imagination or experience has matched his prowess against the giant of the Swiss-Italian Alps. Deceptive in its simplicity, the peak, which rises a sheer 15,000 ft. into the skies, has lured many to its summit. Yet, with the vagaries of its winds, the sudden storms and fogs which envelop it, the treacherous rock formations, precipices, chasms, and abysses, Matterhorn has hurled back most of those who have challenged it—many bruised and battered, and not a few dead from their wounds.

To Perren, Burgener, and other veteran guides who knew it, Matterhorn held no terrors; only an immense respect. They had subdued it too many times. Perren, particularly, regarded it as "his mountain." He was its child, born within its shadow. Matterhorn had punished him many times yet, considering all, it had treated him tenderly. No other human being had been allowed to stand on its jagged summit so many times. No other guide had ever earned such a fortune, showing the curious Matterhorn's secrets. Back in 1902, when he was still a youth, old Matterhorn taught Perren his first serious lesson. He was attempting one of the earliest ascents on skis. A snow-covered crevasse opened under his feet and dragged Perren and his charge into its depths. When the rescue party descended with the aid of ropes they found Perren, badly injured, by the side of his dead companion. To his dying day he carried the scars of that experience.

It was exactly twenty-eight years to a day when Matterhorn made the same move against its most favoured guide . . . this time Perren and his companion were taken from the glacier—dead.

While it was the treacherous snow-bridged crevasse that proved Perren's Nemesis, Matterhorn has many other weapons to use against those who challenge it. Springtime avalanches are much feared by climbers and villagers alike. Matterhorn's tricky slopes, where edelweiss lures the venturesome have crumpled under many an outstretched hand. The fleecy clouds which seem to caress its summit have enveloped many in blinding mantles, leading their footsteps to the edge of precipices—and death.

Perren knew all these whims and vagaries of his mountain. He could match his wits against them and win. He had a sixth sense which warned of dangers both from the elements and the fickle terrain. His record of twelve ascensions of Matterhorn in a single month, four times by the dangerous Arête de Diable—the Devil's Fishback—in one week, is recorded in letters of gold in the annals of Alpisme. It is equalled only by his historic ascension of the Zorn via the traverse of the Taeschhorn and the Arête de Diable, all accomplished in a single day with the noted British Alpinist, Morrison-Bell.

The event which Perren loved to recall more than his mountaineering exploits, however, was his pilgrimage to Rome with a group of Valaisian guides to pay homage to another mountaineer once known as Mgr. Achille Ratti, but now gracing the Papal throne as Pius XI. In their picturesque Valaisian garb the group were presented to his Holiness, hobnail boots, piolets, coiled ropes across their shoulders and the other accoutrements of their profession. The Pope gave the pilgrims his blessing, and to Perren, who at the time had passed his hundredth ascension of Matterhorn, he expressed his greatest admiration and extended congratulations.

Like the great Perren, the mountaineers of Valais are a strange lot. Back in the days of Cæsar they were one of the few fighting races which never bowed to the Roman conqueror. From their mountain fastnesses they shouted defiance at the legions encamped in the Rhone Valley below, sallying forth now and then to harass the invaders with guerilla warfare. Finally they drove the Romans from the country. Their bellicose spirit survived even the invasions of Napoleon's forces, and the little Corsican received one of his most decisive drubbings in the Valais near the present-day Martigny at the hands of the Herens.

To-day they are made of the same rough fabric—courage, endurance, and *sangfroid*—and, despite their deeply religious spirit, a stoicism and fatalism which accepts without murmur the vicissitudes of nature. They do not fear the white death, those guides who gather around carafes of wine at the rustic tables of Perren's pub. Their one desire is to die in the brilliant sunlight above the clouds, or with their backs glued against the rocks.

They say that Perren carried with him as he ascended the Matterhorn on the fatal day a vision of impending disaster. His friends recall that the anniversary of his first terrible accident never passed without apprehension on his part, and a sigh of relief when it was over. It is certain that he never forgot the hours spent at the side of his dead companion far down in the frigid depths of the glacier. But, be that as it may, Perren was often heard to express a desire to die on his mountain. The phantom of the white death would have lured him on like the Lorelei's song rather than have deterred him. He knew it was useless to avoid it. Perhaps it was pre-ordained . . . they believe in the supernatural among the mountains.

To-day, Perren's son, still in his twenties, is marching in his father's footsteps. Already he has seventy-eight victories over the Matterhorn to his credit. In the forty years more that he has to go to reach his father's age, who knows what mark he may set? Matterhorn is tender to those who fear it most. Young Perren, while he does not fear the mountain, respects it and reverences it. He holds no grudge against it for exacting the supreme penalty from his father. The mountain folk believe that the spirit of the old guide roams the cols and peaks of the range and that it will watch over the welfare of Perren's son.

# SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

Amongst the mass of big productions that has invaded our theatres this last week or two, there has crept in a small but mildly amusing comedy, *Her First Affaire*, at the Kingsway Theatre. True enough, the plot does not boast of great profundity or originality, but, nevertheless, the story is written humorously and the situations are entertaining.

Cary Maxon, ably played by Henry Hewitt, is a novelist, and his books are those which appeal mostly to those young females who think they are women of the world because they expound all sorts of modernistic theories of free-love, trial marriages, etc., although the author himself lives a remarkably blameless life. As is usually the case, theories are not easily put into practice, and when he meets one of these impressionable young ladies, Ann Hood, who chooses him as the poor, innocent victim of her passion and calmly decides that he should figure prominently in her first affaire, he flounders hopelessly.

She is encouraged by the author's attractive and witty wife, Margot, who feels that he is taking her too much for granted, whilst Cary is not averse to a little adulation when it is perpetrated by a pretty woman. The fact that this young lady has a fiancé of her own who is, of course, annoyed by this flirtation, does not seem to interest him, but brings about the cancellation of the engagement for which he ought to be truly thankful.

Ann continues to be carried away by her wild dreams and, imagining that her love is reciprocated, tells Margot all about it, but when Margot suggests divorce she is quite indignant, and signifies that she only wishes to *borrow* Cary until they get tired of each other.

Although this is not adapted from the French, Margot tells her she can *borrow* her husband for the night, on sale or return, at which even the hardened dramatic critics present blushed becomingly.

When this immodest experiment is due to be carried out, the author does not see the point at all, even though it emanated from one of the theories expounded in his books, but is very worried about his wife going off for a drive with the outrageous young woman's ex-fiancé. Needless to say, nothing very terrible happens, to the great relief of the more susceptible members of the audience. and everybody is happily re-united as per the usual formula.

No great moral can be drawn from the play, excepting to bring before us all the horrors of the very modern young woman of whom there are, thank goodness, really very few in real life, and the whole makes quite amusing entertainment for those who do not expect much of the theatre.

Miss Zillah Bateman returns to the English Stage after an absence of five years, and is a most attractive Margot. Margery Binner is pretty, self-possessed and modern as Ann, whilst Jack Hobbs looks just like the nice, clean-cut boy he is supposed to portray. There is also a smaller part of a French maid played by Ellen Pollock, who makes much of her opportunities.

*"MERRIE ENGLAND": Miss Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) in an incident in "Charlot's Masquerade"*

A much more pretentious work of theatrical art has come to town at the Winter Garden Theatre. I refer, of course, to *Follow A Star*, the Star in this case being none less than Miss Sophie Tucker, who has, as she would say, "some" following already.

At the end of the first act I felt that I had seen a revolution in the art of musical comedy production. At last new ideas in grouping and lighting combined with terrific speed. The amazing efficiency of it all left me breathless.

My enthusiasm was however rather damped by a nasty little bird which kept on whispering "How can they possibly keep it up." Unfortunately this wretched feathered vertebrate was a true prophet.

If it were not for the extraordinary excellence of the first half of the show the second half would still have been very good indeed, but the tempo slackened visibly and the humour was not as effective.

I think the main reason for the latter was the fact that A. W. Baskcomb was not nearly as funny as an illiterate baronet as he was as the most extraordinarily bad magician, which character he portrayed in the first act.

From the moment he appeared out of a disappearing cabinet asking "Seen anything of my rabbit?" until he sauntered on the stage as a lordly Roman; his every appearance was funny in the extreme.

There is more of a story than is usual in this type of entertainment. At first we are regaled by the inner machinations necessary in the running of a New York night-club. The manager (Mr. Alfred Drayton) has had to engage quite the world's worst magician (A. W. Baskcomb) without whom he could not have the services of what is presumably the queen of the New York cabaret entertainers. As this part was played by Miss Sophie Tucker, the casting is particularly apt.

The poor wretched magician did, however, have the sense to have a very pretty daughter (Miss Betty Davies), who is adored by a most likeable young man (Jack Hulbert). He was also sensible enough to be the heir to a baronetcy and an estate in England.

He learns the news that he has succeeded to both just when he is feeling a little peeved as he thinks he has murdered somebody, but manages to jump on a boat for England before much can be done about it, aided and abetted by the aforementioned likeable young man.

This scene gives an excuse for some of the best dancing by ladies of the chorus I have ever seen. They were even above the usual high Jack Hulbert standard, and the original method of using limelights from all angles was an inspiration.

We were then transported to the country house of the new baronet, whom we find very uncomfortable in a morning-coat and large fur driving gloves. He has engaged the likeable young man as his secretary, and is doing moderately well in trying to impress the head of the family, when the manager of the New York night-club appears and proceeds to blackmail him.

Of course, the man whom he thinks he has murdered turns up in the nick of time, and everybody is satisfied, in which state the audience left the theatre.

I have endeavoured to explain the plot and yet have left out the most important part of it; that is, the singing of the many songs by Miss Tucker. During the entire show I was wondering how this was going to be worked into the action.

Eventually this was done fairly successfully, but by that time most of the audience were so keen on hearing Miss Tucker sing, that whether it was in the story of the play or not interested them little; and how glad she appeared to be to throw off her stage-charter and become "Sophie" again. She sang several new songs and then some of her old successes with her usual verve, and the audience seemed sorry when she returned to the character she portrays in the play.

A singer of songs with a most astounding personality! We did not see as much of Jack Hulbert as we usually do, but he was as brightly cheerful and competent as ever.

Miss Betty Davies, on whose prowess I commented in these columns some weeks ago when she was appearing in a touring show, danced and sang very prettily. It is good to see a new face in musical comedy these days. The music was tuneful, as Mr. Vivian Ellis's work always is. The best number which will become very popular is "That First West-End in June," and Mr. Jack Yellen has written some very good lyrics for Miss Sophie Tucker. The show definitely lifts the standard of musical-comedy production in London, and if the second half can be speeded up, it should be with us for many months.

It was curious to see a blasé first-night audience watching the extraordinary adventures of one of my boyhood's heroes, Sexton Blake.

The fact that the detective's rooms were in Baker Street and that the rôle was played by Arthur Wontner, who looks so much like the popular conception of Sherlock Holmes, proved a little confusing, and I sorely missed our dear Doctor Watson.

However, not one of the popular ingredients of this type of drama was omitted. We saw a beautiful girl kidnapped, several murders, the mysterious chief of a gang of crooks, an obtuse Scotland Yard detective, a taxi on the stage, and to finish up with, a real car dash into a train. If it were not all so incredible it might have been exciting.

I found difficulty in following the action, mainly because most of the actors appeared to have adenoid trouble, but a really good performance was given by Mr. Arthur Macrae.

This sort of show, in which effects play an important part, suffers in comparison with a good talking-picture, especially with the latest one to be shown at the Alhambra. It is called *Murder*, and is the best crime film I have ever seen. What is even more remarkable is the fact that it is British!

Mr. Herbert Marshall plays the chief part and I cannot recall a finer talking-picture actor, whilst Miss Phyllis Konstam's portrayal of a character-rôle marks her as being the discovery of the year. The direction of Mr. Hitchcock is splendid and is easily as good, if not better, than anything we have seen from those United States or Germany.

Do not miss seeing this picture.

*THE EFFECT OF NEGRO DRAMA ON LONDON LIFE: The brilliant satirical skit in "Masquerade," the new Charlot show at the new Cambridge Theatre. Host and guests break into negroid gesture, despite their desperate endeavours to preserve the calm that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. Above are Miss Betty Frankiss, Mr. Henry Kendall, Miss Beatrice Lillie, Mr. Reginald Smith, and Miss Helen Souter*

# "PRIVATE LIVES"

***The brilliant Noel Coward play of mates, mismates, and check-mates, at the newly opened Phœnix Theatre***

*"KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, YOU SWINE!"*
*Laurence Olivier and Mr. Noel Coward, as two quarrelsome husbands, prepare to settle their differences in the good old-fashioned way*

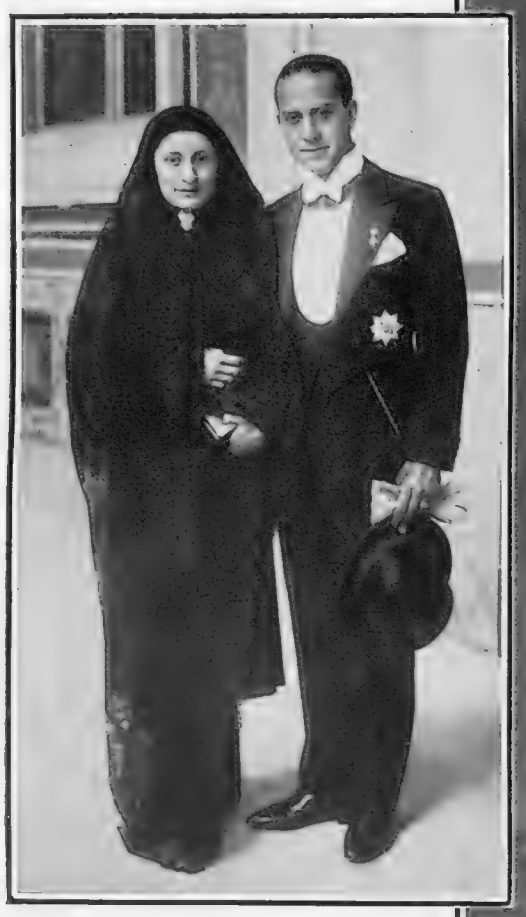
*"ARE YOU GOING TO TRY AND UNDERSTAND ME?"*
*Mr. Coward begins to appreciate on his wedding night what marriage with Miss Allan will entail*

*"TO ABSENT FRIENDS": Mr. Laurence Olivier and Miss Adrianne Allan toast their absent and erring wife and husband who had formerly been married to each other*

*"YOU'RE THE MOST THRILLING, EXCITING WOMAN THAT WAS EVER BORN": Mr. Noel Coward makes love to his ex-wife with whom he has eloped, leaving his second wife with his ex-wife's husband*

*FLIPPANCY "CHOKES" OFF A SCENE: A quip of Mr. Coward's—not in the most delicate of taste—causes Miss Lawrence to swallow the wrong way during the breakfast scene in the last Act in which the buttons are alternatively on and off the foils.* Inset above on left: *"I can't go away and leave you with a man who drinks and knocks you about."* Mr. Olivier consoles (though with reluctance and disapprobation) Miss Lawrence for Mr. Coward's falsely alleged cruelty. Inset above on right: *"What are we to do?"* Mr. Olivier and Miss Allan are at a loss to know in the early morning which of their respective spouses to awaken

# DISTINGUISHED DENIZENS *of* WOMAN'S WORLD



READY FOR A PAPAL AUDIENCE: Count and Countess Ciano were received at the Vatican on their return from their recent honeymoon. The Countess Ciano, of course, was before her marriage Signorina Edda Mussolini

THE ARISTOCRAT IN PEASANT GARB: Princess Nascaru, in the costume she invariably affects at Mamaia, Rumania's Deauville. She is President of the new popular Pro Patria Society,

A ROYAL BRIDE: The betrothal of Princess Eudoxia, the sister of King Boris of Bulgaria, to the Duke of Wurtemberg is announced from Sofia. The duke is sixty-five; the princess thirty-two. The Bulgarian House is Saxe-Coburg and Gotha

ITALO-AMERICAN HONEYMOONERS FOR A YEAR: Marchese and Marchesa Lippo Gerini who have recently returned to new York. The Marchesa Gerini was, before her marriage, Miss Lillian Poli, daughter of the wealthy Italian theatre magnate of New Haven, Connecticut, who laid the foundations of his fortune years ago by the sale of inexpensive trinkets

MISS MARION DAVIES TO MARRY? The distinguished comédienne of the silent and speaking screen has just left Europe after her visit. With her is Mr. Harry Crocker of Hollywood, whose name Rumour has linked with hers as a probable bridegroom

IN THE MEDIÆVAL STYLE: The exquisite gown from Paris built on the lines resuscitated from the Middle Ages. It is designed in steel-blue taffeta, the smart line of the bodice merging into the godet skirt, while the trimming is rhinestones—a welcome change from the ubiquitous *diamanté* stripe, a surprisingly unanachronistic note of modernity

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

## THREE ROOMS *in* ONE

## A Bachelor Girl's Flat

*by* HARRIET DICKSON

The functions of life, sleeping, eating, and the social round remain pretty much the same whether you live in ten rooms or two, but the miniature flat of to-day, in spite of evident charms, is sometimes very far from giving a comfortable feeling of space. But why not convert these two or three into one large and spacious apartment? Bedroom, lounge, and dining-room, are thus brought quite literally within four walls. The length, breadth, and height of all three gain very much in proportion, and, chief matter for congratulation, the removal of the dividing walls achieve a satisfying sense of space.

This newest of bachelor flats with one room disguised as three is an idea approved in America. The bachelor girl, and for that matter her bachelor brother, have fallen to the roominess which the arrangement lends to otherwise limited space, freedom to move being a primary condition of modern living.

The division, for some possible mode of separation there must be if only to avoid the bed-sitting-room type of old, is here achieved by what may most easily be termed a furniture wall. Various pieces of furniture, like chests and cupboards, for the most part of the combined sort, function in the new way. One stands between the lounge and dining-room. Another separates lounge and bedroom, in each case the particular piece being just high enough to obscure any glimpse of the adjoining apartment. These combination cupboards are usable both back and front, or, perhaps better said, there is no back.

Take the lounge of this particular flat. The furniture wall separating it from the dining-room is a bookcase-writing table, compact and adroitly fashioned to meet with any requirements. A sliding table, pigeon-holes, bookshelves, drawers, deep and shallow. Against the wall proper in one corner is a long, low couch for use by day but a possible bed by night. One low chair, another for writing, complete the actual furniture which is kept to the necessary minimum.

The reverse side of this writing-table combination piece reveals the modern sideboard and introduces the dining-room. The sideboard is as capacious on this side as on the other. There is a glass cupboard for display with glass shelves. A drawout serving table, one or two divisions of varying depths for salts and wine bottles are introduced on the upper half, the lower on both sides showing a series of long drawers for table-linen.

Like the lounge the dining-room has the barest minimum and no more. A table and three or four chairs are the only movables. Cupboard space is increased within the wall itself, and lest the line of this appears too hard the architect has devised a niche for plants alongside.

The lounge with its day bed carried out in tones of brown and beige in harmony with the colourings of the wood

The bedroom with the combination wardrobe at the foot which divides it from the dining-room

Similar treatment is meted out to the bedroom adjoining. A wardrobe dividing the bedroom and dining-room is placed at the foot of the bed, the wardrobe front facing the dining-room, while to the bed there is a combination shelf for bed-books and ornaments, and drawers for toilet requisites with a cunningly introduced medicine shelf at the outer side complete with light. Whether you have curtains or not is a matter of taste. Here it swings from the wall to the light in the ceiling, shutting off only the bed when in use.

The designer of this bachelor flat, Herr Gross of Vienna, has made some equally interesting experiments with his colours. The woods used for the furniture as will be seen from the illustrations, are of different kinds. There is much inlay and a free application of those light and dark lines which lend themselves so well to the introduction of similar or contrasting tones, in the furnishing fabric.

Each room has its own colour scheme within limits. No very decided contrasts are employed, but each is complete in itself, nor does one clash with the neighbouring scheme. The dining-room, for example, has for its note a dark moss green. The green is seen in the chairs with their woven leather backs, in the cushioned seats of beige leather and green piping. There is even a touch of green inlay in the table and it appears again in the wall cupboard, the stands for plants and the carpet.

A general view of the bachelor girl's flat showing the dining-room and the central position of the heating arrangements

An alternative suggestion for the bedroom which may do duty for lounge as well when space is limited

A touch of green figures in the lounge, but the predominant tones are the beige and browns of the wood. The bedroom, too, accents the green, but this time it is a pale apple-shade with a suggestion of pink-beige in the hangings. The result is harmony which yet manages to avoid anything like monotony in this more or less uniform use of two shades.

Another point of interest centres round the novel heating arrangements. Rather than introduce his heating by way of the wall the architect pictures a modern version of the continental stove. With neither back nor front the tiled and bricked fire-place takes up its position in the middle of the room, and by virtue of that position assumes a rôle similar to that of the furniture wall. It accents the room divisions, and while belonging to none in particular is yet the focus of each in turn.

By a dexterous outlining of ceiling space, by lighting which is distinctive according to the room it adorns, the three in one preserve their own entities and contribute a somewhat unusual solution to the problem of creating space enough in which to live and move. As to the actual furniture it has the advantage of being amenable to all and any professional demands. It may harbour many books or few; it may be fashioned for the artist or be fitted with files for the journalist or doctor; a space and labour-saver, doing double and treble duty, while not forgetting the interests of art in the inlay, the veneer, and the choice colourings of the many woods now sanctioned by Fashion's decree.

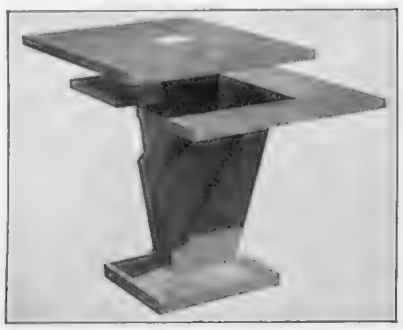
# The WORLD of WOMEN — (continued)

## OCCASIONAL TABLES

### Inexhaustible Variety of Design and Great Practical Ingenuity Characterize the many Small Tables which are such Favourites Among Modernistic Furniture

By BASEDEN BUTT

There is surely nothing that provides more striking proof of inventive fertility among modern designers of furniture than the small occasional tables which one finds nowadays in almost every well equipped interior. These tables are of literally endless variety, comprising several quite distinct types, and their widely different shapes can be a source of constant fascination. Modernistic decorators appear to have lavished their utmost ingenuity on the creation of small yet original tables, embodying the greatest possible utility with decorative effect. Many have three, four, even five and six surfaces, providing, therefore, as much accommodation as an ordinary table three or four times the size. Some are also equipped with little cupboards, shelves, or drawers.



A table which will accommodate books, magazines, or tea cups, while the upper surface is reserved for ornaments

Of the different types, one of the most widely known is the tray-table or low fireside table for the lounge or sitting-room. Tray-tables generally stand between 1 ft. and 18 in. from the ground; they are frequently circular in shape and are serviceable for afternoon tea. Some models are fitted with a second surface beneath the table-top which is used for magazines or books.

Another clever idea is a nest of three or four small tables fitting one beneath the other. These also are suitable for afternoon tea, but one should notice that the modernistic "nest" is a great improvement on the more familiar lacquered or painted tables which were similarly made to stand one beneath the other but which occupied far more space and were easier to upset. The modernistic version of this idea is simplicity itself, for the tables are either plain rectangles or have nicely rounded edges: and when "telescoped" one beneath the other, the three or four tables really do seem like a single piece of furniture.

Made of sycamore inlaid with walnut, this table has no less than four surfaces, and can be put to innumerable uses

An alternative which is even more original is intended to supersede the idea of a nest entirely. This is a hexagonal table which is made up of three or five hinged, equal, diamond-shaped sections. When unfolded, it may be used by three or five persons simultaneously. The three-unit model makes a perfect hexagon when closed; the bigger one with five sections makes a hexagon with two sides longer than the other four.

Then there are library tables, card tables, tables for the dining-room (in place of the conventional side table), and tables for the bedroom. The latter frequently stand on a pedestal fitted with drawers; they may be used either at the bedside, or here and there in the room, for books, table-lamps, or ornaments. A favourite shape in library tables is octagonal, with four sides longer than the others. The four shorter sides are taken up by the legs of the table and beneath the other four are tiers of bookshelves. If the table is a little larger, one of these four sides is left as a knee-hole, so that the table may be used as a writing desk.

Some of the new card tables are extraordinarily interesting.

A modern bridge-table by Dim made to fold over corner-wise for use as an ordinary occasional table as well as for cards

A *de luxe* folding bridge table has no fewer than thirty-four fittings and accessories, and another which has the merit of great simplicity is made to fold over at the corners, so that when not required for cards, it becomes an ordinary occasional table. When opened for playing, a baize-covered surface is revealed, and the table area is exactly doubled.

Some of the newest occasional tables are made of stainless steel or nickel, and some are of plate glass. Others are of metal and glass combined, and a few, like an example illustrated, are of metal, plate glass, and wood. Many people who would hesitate to equip their homes extensively with the new metal and plate-glass furniture find that a single occasional table of this kind will harmonize effectively with other and different types of equipment, period or modern. Take one of these plate-glass tables from room to room—where, for example, the prevailing tone of the different colour schemes may be blue, rose, and green respectively—and it will appear to change its colour, harmonizing equally well with each room. The plate-glass occasional table is a chameleon among furniture.

This modern version of the "nest" of tables by Waring and Gillow, Ltd., is in zebra wood

Carried out in plate-glass, metal, and walnut. This is a simple example of the modern occasional table by Dim

The materials of which occasional tables are made are certainly as varied as their shapes and sizes. You may select your table in familiar walnut or mahogany, or that darling of popular fashion, limed oak. It may be silvery with nickel, or brilliant with the vivid hues of cellulose lacquer. Or there are gorgeous and semi-precious timbers such as padauk or macassar ebony, palissander, sycamore, or amboyna.

These are just a few characterstics of modern occasional tables. Their decorative value in well-furnished interiors, their varied and fascinating shapes, and the beautiful materials of which they are constructed are not the only features which commend them: they are also convenient and serviceable in use.

## REFLECTIONS *(not moral ones!)* IN THE HOME

I forget what famous personage it was who once said that "a room without a mirror was like a beautiful woman without eyes," but whoever it was was certainly right. Nothing lights up a small, dark, or uninteresting room more than a mirror, and there are a hundred-and-one ways in which it can be employed to advantage.

For instance, in a small bedroom (whereas every woman knows, a long glass makes just all the difference between comfort and the reverse), even the most modest housekeeper can afford a long slip of glass simply faced with a narrow beading and hung on the back of the door. However small the room, you will be surprised at the amount of space this mirror effect appears to give.

For the living-room, one of the best ideas I have seen was in an old French house, where one of the rooms was rather dark. A long, low screen, made entirely of looking-glass, was divided into diamonds by leading, which lightened the room wonderfully.

Another new idea I saw in France was one of the small tables for cigarettes, etc., which stand by the fireside in a modern design of thick glass. The effect is very novel, and the reflections, particularly if there are bright cretonnes and chintzes in the room, most intriguing.

For those who are able to afford it, the bathrooms, installed by Mlle Gabrielle Chanel, the famous French *couturière*, at her Paris and Riviera houses, are quite perfect. In Paris, her bathroom (which is a very large one) is entirely lined with looking-glass, and on glass shelves are long rows of bath-salts, scent, etc., all in lovely gold lustre. At Roquebrune she has carried out the same idea with regard to lining the walls with mirror-glass, the only variation of the colour-scheme being that all the many fitments are of silver, with a white porcelain bath and glass shelves. The idea is, of course, a costly one, but it may be carried out on a simpler scale by having (as I saw only yesterday in a lovely country house near London) a plain, white-painted bathroom with three or four long panels of looking-glass let into the walls and several shelves also of looking-glass and a small squat stool or low table on which stands a huge crystal sponge bowl.

One lovely room designed by a clever French woman had a black carpet, while the walls were hung with black velvet, divided at intervals of about four feet with long strips of mirror some six inches wide. The frieze and skirting were both of looking-glass, while the ceiling was bright blue. There were some wonderful pieces of old amber-coloured Venetian glass, and the lamp-shades were of very old parchment, so yellow that it appeared almost clear.

Of course, the looking-glass lamp, that is to say, a large globe made of hundreds of tiny pieces of looking-glass in crazy fashion and with the electric light fitted above, is so well known in Paris homes as to hardly need any description, but it is very seldom seen over here, which is rather a pity, for it is quite one of the most attractive of the many new lamp-fittings to be seen at the present moment.

PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

# BAGS *for* ALL OCCASIONS

There is nothing so helpful to the completion of a toilette as a well-chosen handbag. The frock or coat of which one has grown tired will take on fresh values under the influence of a new bag and acquire another lease of life, while new clothes positively demand this finishing touch.

Since the handbag is recognized as a definite item of clothing—something as necessary in the decorative sense (quite apart from its utilitarian function) as the trimming on a frock or hat—it is obviously important to consider one's entire wardrobe when contemplating a new pochette cr bag.

Sketched on this page are handbags that illustrate the various types necessitated by changes of costume throughout the day. A tweed pochette. square of shape instead of the usual oblong, comes from Harvey Nichols, and is made from fabric of indeterminate beige or grey tones to harmonize with any tweed outfit. From the same firm comes another bag destined to accompany tweeds or sports clothes, of brown willow calf, with a gilt zip fastener and buckle on the strap that finishes the top edge. This would look particularly well worn in conjunction with willow calf shoes of the same tone.

The *tailleur* demands a bag that is formal and yet simple. An underarm bag from Swan and Edgar fulfils this purpose, fashioned from beige morocco leather, with a plated clasp of zig-zag design. Another bag from the same house would make an excellent choice as accessory to a black coat and skirt or wool fabric ensemble. Of "tobacco-pouch" shape, it is made of ivory and black morocco, unspottable by rain, and smartly lined with black.

For afternoon wear an antelope bag from Swan and Edgar is smooth and silky of surface, mounted on cut steel and marcassite (diamanté is not really suitable for the daytime). Another afternoon bag comes from Harvey Nichols, and is of fine black crêpe de chine, pentagon shaped, ornamented with a discreet marcassite *motif*.

Evening bags to be worn with dance frocks should have handles, since it is uncomfortable and difficult to clutch on to a handleless bag while one is dancing. A pretty oval bag of silver or gold thread, adaptable to any colour scheme, is embroidered in a flower design and finished with a chain. This comes from Swan and Edgar.

Another bag that would complete a *grande tenue de soirée* is of multi-coloured chenille embroidered on a beige or black crêpe ground, the design outlined with gold thread. A luxurious mount of enamel and marcassite, with a chain handle, finishes this attractive accessory from Harvey Nichols.

W. B.

## The WORLD of WOMEN — (cont.)

# The SPHERE of TRAVEL

## The OLDEST CAFÉ in EUROPE

### The Café Greco, Via Condotti, Rome

By Professor LUIGI JAKOPIN

In Rome, where obelisks are fifty centuries old, where churches are ten centuries old, and where there are palaces from four to five centuries old, a café which is 170 years of age can pass as unnoticed as a poor schoolboy among immortal academicians.

But it is not only its age that makes this café specially interesting, it has a certain importance also from the artistic and literary point of view. It was in 1750 that Nicola di Maddalena, a Greek who had emigrated to Rome, opened in the neighbourhood of Piazza di Spagna, what was for those times the *non plus ultra* of novelties—a coffee shop. A few years later the café was transferred to Via Condotti in the same building that it occupies at present. Nowadays the only new things are the electric lighting and the uniform of the waiters. Also its proprietor, Frederico Gubinelli, who has been, in his time, a good painter, with his mild kindness and his love for his café seems a figure of times long gone by.

Here one breathes a different atmosphere. A silence and immobility which can only be found in some remote cafés of a provincial town. The street noises hardly penetrate here, no orchestra or jazz breaks the silence, people still play at chess and draughts, discussions take place in a subdued tone. Even honeymoon couples, sitting in the dark corners, are satisfied with exchanging languorous looks as in the times in which women used to wear crinolines and people used to come to Rome by diligence.

The habitués, however, are mainly foreign students who have come to study the beauties of Rome and to have a rest. Several languages are spoken in a low tone. The café Greco has always been a centre of attraction, the spiritual refuge of the intelligentsia.

It has counted among its customers real geniuses, now immortalized in the medallions on the roof—Goethe, Byron, Goldoni, Schopenhauer, Bizet, Boklin, Mendelssohn, Gogol, Gounod, Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, Mickiewicz, Humperdinck, sat at its tables.

Also Mark Twain used to come to this café in order to rest and to find a corner where it was impossible to see any work of Michael Angelo. An Italian sculptor of that period made a little statue of him which is exhibited in a conspicuous position.

It is interesting to note that the café has been artistically decorated free and for love by its customers. The chalk bas-reliefs, the large and small oil paintings which cover its walls were painted by artists who enjoyed great renown. Their names are recorded in the History of Art.

*If you are going abroad, write to THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU which will give you any information of routes, attractions and other details you may desire, supplied by its expert staff*

For a long time the students of the American Art Academy used to come here to have their evening meal. At that time the Academy was situated in the Ludovisi Quarter at a few yards distance from Piazza di Spagna. Now it is on the Janiculum hill a good distance from Via Condotti. Signor Gubinelli has still a photo of these American artists taken in 1908.

Unfortunately the names are missing It is a pity because perhaps some of these long-haired artists have become famous in their country and elsewhere.

Rossini, who used to work anywhere under the most difficult circumstances, composed here some of his best music. Gogol, the great Russian writer, used to come here from the Via Sistina nearby in order to write his *Dead Souls* and his religious letters. Schopenhauer one day was expelled by a group of his countrymen because he was heard to speak ill of women. Berlioz used to visit him every night, though finding it a "detestable tavern."

A crowned head was also among its customers; Louis II of Bavaria used to come here with Wagner and other German musicians in order to forget the burden of power, and to live a life more suited to his artistic temperament.

One day, Galli, the painter, succeeded in selling one of his paintings for the legendary sum of 100 lire. Galli lost his head and in his excitment decided to do something really exceptional, to drive to the Café Greco in a cab in order to show the waiters who had always treated him with a certain condescension that the times had changed. But when calling a cab, he was perplexed; all the cabbies which were standing in the Piazza offered their services simultaneously to this queer type. Galli was too tender-hearted to cause a delusion to anyone so he thereupon took an heroic decision. Also in order to give the Roman populace a tangible proof of the fortune which had come to him, he decided to hire all the cabs that were standing on the rank, and it was with this striking cortege of fourteen cabs that he arrived triumphantly at the café Greco.

Nowadays this thoughtlessness is out of fashion—in the old café people are very serious perhaps because the place with its walls covered with souvenirs of so many illustrious men fills the customers with a sense of respect and awe.

*IN 1845: A gathering of art students in the cafe Greco.* On left *is the statue of Mark Twain in the collection of the cafe.* On right *the exterior of the famous old coffee house*

## ESTORIL

### The New Sun-kissed Resort on the Portuguese Riviera

While certain winter resorts have so irresistible an attraction that they command, as it were, the annual attendance of their devotees, yet at sporadic intervals others arise and make their way, either gradually or with amazing swiftness, into the front rank, not so much disputing the claims of their elders as demanding recognition from the increasing numbers of holiday-makers who are always on the *qui vive* for somewhere different and off the beaten track.

To these latter and to the former too, Estoril, which is by no means so well-known as it has a right to be, may be confidently introduced, for this favoured spot on "the Sun Coast," as the Portuguese Riviera has aptly been called, cannot possibly fail to win their regard so that they will return to it again and again.

The fact which gives confidence in thus recommending Estoril to the notice of those who seek "fresh fields and pastures new," with the coming of the chill of autumn or the piercing cold of winter is that Estoril is 300 miles farther south than the towns of the French and Italian Rivieras, and past it sweeps the Gulf Stream to add its grateful warmth to the delightful climate, and making the ocean pleasant for bathing practically all the year round. At the same time Estoril is not only protected by the mountains of Cintra from the chill northern mists, but it also enjoys an exceptional amount of sunshine and a small rainfall. Its climate is, therefore, as near perfection as the most exigent can desire.

What Nature has bestowed with a lavish hand man has reinforced by all the means in his power.

The hotels and pensions are excellent and replete with all modern conveniences, the last of the great hostelries, the Palacio Hotel do Estoril, having been opened only at the end of August, while the rate of exchange is so greatly in our favour that living is far less expensive than in most continental towns.

Again, the roads are excellent, so that motoring is pleasant to the many interesting places in the neighbourhood. Among them are Lisbon, which may also be reached by electric train; Cascais, the scene of a great festival when his late Majesty King Edward VII visited Portugal; Cintra, with its royal palace surrounded by extensive parks and gardens; Pena Castle, built 3,000 ft. above sea level; to make mention of none of the others which have made Lisbon and its suburbs "the Garden of Europe by the sea."

Within Estoril itself the visitor will find endless sources for pleasant pastime. Its splendid park offers beautiful walks, as well as tennis courts. There are also splendid golf links, race courses, theatres, cinemas, and a casino where those who enjoy a "flutter" at the tables can gratify their desire or watch their bolder brethren to whom money is merely a counter to be thrown without regard on black or red or on an even or odd number. In the casino, too, there are constantly fêtes, balls, and concerts, so that it is at all times full of gaiety and "life," while it houses a fine band which is a never-failing source of attraction.

For those who demand from a winter resort the means of recuperating or even curing their disordered health Estoril offers the advantages of its spa with its effective springs, so valuable in the alleviation and cure of many complaints for the betterment of which there is also provided the most up-to-date installation for the administration of heat, light, massage, and electricity to the cases for which they are indicated.

*THE CASINO: A charming building where roulette, boule, baccarat, and a native game can be played; where a superb dinner is served for four shillings; and where one may play bridge with one's own party on the veranda and obtain refreshments at a minimum cost*

# "BLUE AND GOLD TOURS"

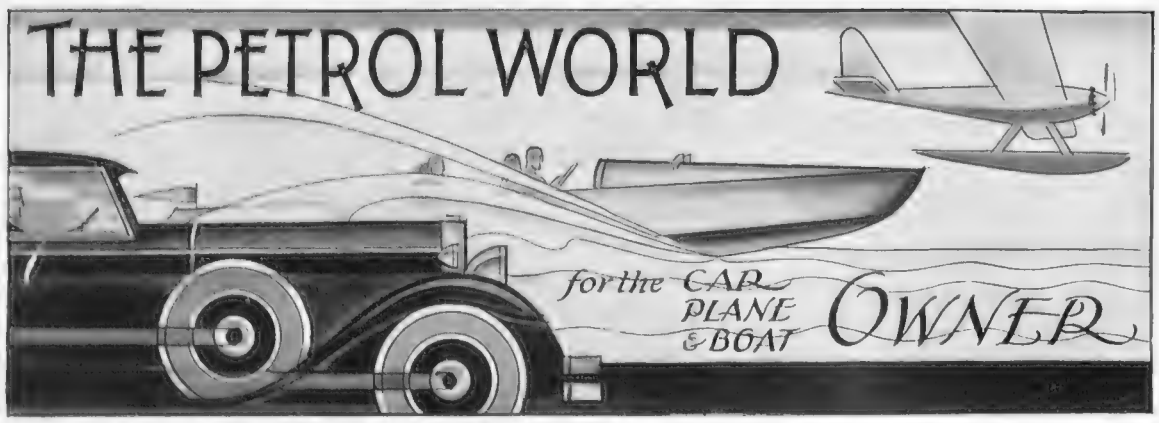
## *Into the Heart of Sunshine*

The South African Railways, in association with the leading Shipping Lines on the African routes, have organised an attractive programme of sunshine tours to South Africa for the coming Winter.

Sailings from British and Continental ports will be made at frequent intervals between 8th November 1930 and 30th January 1931. The steamer fares, on a liberal concessionary basis for the return voyage of 12,000 miles, are unique in travel values.

A comprehensive series of rail tours in South Africa has been arranged in conjunction with the steamship sailings, and the inclusive costs of the combined sea and land tours range, according to duration, class of accommodation, etc., from £70 to £205.

The full descriptive programme "Blue and Gold Tours" will be sent, post free, on request. Apply:—The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, and the leading Tourist and Travel Agencies.




**The Petrol World on LAND, conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.**

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")*

***CONTINUING SUCCESSFUL MODELS.***—More new 1931 programmes have been announced. The Humber list of models for next year is very interesting and differs considerably from the announcements made by many other manufacturers, inasmuch as no sensational innovations have been adopted. This in itself is a sure indication that the models which have been before the public have been thoroughly successful. Then again, the Humber Company in its wisdom has seen fit to concentrate on three models only. By so doing they must of necessity give better value and greater satisfaction to their customers than by having hundreds of different cars on their list.

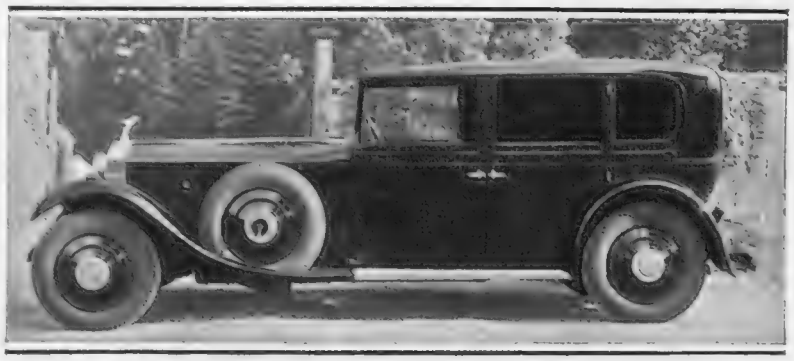
Important improvements have been incorporated in the Humber Snipe, and Pullman. Engine power has been considerably increased by fitting a high velocity down-draught carburetter. Silence of the engine has received attention, all traces of roar having now been eliminated. The four-speed gear-box with its silent third close ratio gear which proved so successful this year has been retained. By incorporating double-acting hydraulic shock-absorbers at the front and at the rear even better suspension than before has been attained. The braking system has received attention, with the result that the brakes are much smoother in action and more easily adjusted. On all models central gear-change has been introduced. Thermostatically-operated radiator shutters which were fitted this year only to the Snipe are now part of the normal equipment on all models. On the Snipe the cooling is now by centrifugal pump. Other improvements include better self-centring steering, increased petrol-tank capacity, and better clearance for the wings.

As regards bodywork a number of important modifications have been introduced. Safety-glass is now fitted throughout, and a wider choice of body colours is available. Saloons have a greater head-room and the bodies are wider, whilst the provision of foot-rests adds to the comfort of passengers. A new design of hinged quarter-light should materially improve the ventilation of the interior without causing annoying draughts. The Humber Company announce some very definite reductions in prices. These, however, have not been achieved by inferior workmanship or materials, but solely on account of improved methods of production in manufacture.

During the past twelve months the works have been entirely reorganized to allow of "flow-production" methods being followed, which naturally eliminates unnecessary delays in manufacture and assembly. Flow-production tracks have been laid down in the chassis-erecting and body-building shops, that in the latter department being mechanically operated. It is by the adoption of such progressive methods that the customers are able to enjoy ever a better article than before at a lower price.

***AN EIGHT-LITRE BENTLEY.***—A new Bentley model will be shown to the public for the first time at the forthcoming Olympia Motor Show. It has a six-cylinder engine, an overhead camshaft, and the cylinder capacity is eight litres. Both the crankshaft and the camshaft are carried in eight bearings, and both are fitted with vibration dampers. The four-speed gear-box is of an entirely new type, and the design is such that the box has great rigidity and is in consequence very quiet. The back axle is of a special spiral bevel type, and these two features are distinct evidence of the great care, regardless of expense, which has been bestowed on the design of this new model in order to attain the acme of silence.

This new model is built with the chassis frame down-swept from the front and rear axles towards the centre, thus making it possible to fit coachwork giving ample head-room but having the low fashionable roof line. In addition it allows the car to possess a low centre of gravity, which is naturally a most important safety feature.



**For a Distinguished Client:** An interesting Rolls-Royce Phantom II fitted with a Thrupp and Maberly saloon body, supplied to the order of His Highness the Maharajah of Kalahandi

Bentley cars have such an enviable reputation that this new model is sure to attract great attention. It must not be forgotten, too, that in recent years no British manufacturer has had greater racing experience than the makers of this car, and I shall be very surprised if many of the lessons learnt in the stern field of competition have not been incorporated in this new chassis. Some people imagine that racing only teaches a maker how to make a fast car, but it should be remembered that speed without reliability in a long road race is useless. Whereas the ordinary man in the street may not require a 100-m.p.h. car he most certainly desires and insists on having reliability. If a firm such as Bentley's can obtain reliability at terrifically high speeds it is obviously a simple matter for them to retain this feature under ordinary road conditions. In addition my experience has shown me that the handling of a car emanating from a factory which patronizes racing is a sheer delight, as compared with another which has not been so fortunately placed. There is a finesse and a degree of breeding in the former which the latter can never imitate. The 4½-litre Bentley, both supercharged and unsupercharged, and the 6½-litre model will be retained for 1931.

**The Land Flyer:** The latest 20–70-h.p. Fiat super-sports, capable of 85 m.p.h., shown on the concrete at Heston Air Park. Doors are fitted to the dickey, which convert the car into the equivalent of a five-seater

***FITTING "K."***—Nowadays we have so little trouble with our sparking plugs that we are rather apt to think that any ignition device which can be screwed into the proper hole will function for thousands of miles. To be perfectly truthful a sparking plug is a highly technical piece of work, and it is only because our cars are usually equipped with the very best that we gain this rather foolish impression. Good as K.L.G. plugs have been in the past, the manufacturers have now introduced a new series known as the "K." These plugs successfully overcome the great problem that the plug designer has to tackle, that is, a plug that will not only withstand a high degree of internal heat but at the same time remain unaffected by oil. The new "K" K.L.G. plugs are claimed to be impervious to either or both of these opposite conditions, and the result has been achieved by embodying characteristics which had never before been incorporated in any one plug. Samples of these plugs will be on view at the Motor Exhibition. Whilst writing about K.L.G. plugs I would like to mention that the French aviators, Capt. Costes and M. Bellonte, used K.L.G.'s in their Hispano engine whilst recently flying the Atlantic.

***AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.***—Most of us have read during the last few months that the British Motor Trade has been having a very depressing time. This may be true of one or two or even more manufacturers, but it does not apply to the well-known firm that turns out the Austin car. The sales of Austins during the months June, July, and August, 1930, show an increase of approximately 30 per cent. over the same period in the previous year, and it is a matter of considerable interest, particularly in view of the unemployment problem, to know that the famous factory at Longbridge is planning for a larger output in 1931, which means that at least one part of the Midlands will not be contributing towards the probable increase of the number of people on the dole. The Austin programme remains practically steady though prices have been reduced in the case of certain models, this being brought about by economies in production due to increased demand. The Austin Company is one of the few British motor manufacturers who incorporate improvements as and when they occur rather than wait until the end of the season and then introduce with a great flourish of trumpets a new model. This policy they are still continuing, with the result that their exhibits at Olympia will not show anything tremendously startling.

***A WORLD RECORD ATTEMPT.***—The public are perhaps becoming a little tired of exploits which take motorists and aviators round the world, but the attempt by Captain Hay and Mr. Wolveridge to cross Europe, Asia, and ultimately America in a little M.G. Midget car is bound to attract attention. We are told so frequently and so consistently that the Baby type of car which does such wonders in this country is so completely unsuitable for work overseas that demonstrations of reliability such as these motorists are endeavouring to give are bound to do the British motor manufacturer much good. I feel certain that these motorists could not have selected a better car than the M.G. for the purpose they have in view.

***A RUMOUR REFUTED.***—Each year the Motor Show is responsible for some marked improvement in design. Balloon tyres, as they were called at their introduction, and four-wheel brakes are prominent examples. This year the tendency seems to be towards the silent third type of four-speed gear-box, and a very good tendency it is too. Such gears, which usually employ helically-cut teeth, are expensive to manufacture, but they more than pay for themselves in the long run in that wear is reduced to a minimum. They are silent in the first place, and remain so, whilst the amount of nerve strain they prevent is incalculable.

(Continued on p. 562

**A "Triumph":** The new Triumph Super-Seven fitted with the opening roof. Small-car lovers will have an opportunity of inspecting a similar model at Olympia next month

**Another Adventurous "Baby":** Captain Max Hay and Mr. Wolveridge setting out from the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, in the M.G. car with which they hope to cover 25,000 miles round the world

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# GET ALL THREE IN THE NEW 'BP'

# The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from p. 560*)

**Safety on the Sea:** The standard Brooke 35-ft. twin-screw sea-going cruiser, fitted with two 14-h.p. three-cylinder Brooke marine motors

It is sometimes thought that the Silent Third is an American invention which we have copied. Actually, however, this is not the case; it was pioneered by the Riley Company of Coventry, and made its appearance at the 1926 Olympia Show in the first Riley Nine—some time before any similar American product was on the market. So successful did it prove that it is substantially the same on the latest models of this well-known concern. The Riley programme for 1931, incidentally, will be announced towards the end of September. Several interesting developments are expected, but one thing is certain—the new cars will all have silent third gears.

***THE UBIQUITOUS R.A.C.***—Four instances have occurred recently where R.A.C. road guides have been able to render valuable services to the public. The first occurred at Shoreham, where the R.A.C. guide stationed at Norfolk Bridge suddenly saw flames bursting from a nearby garage. He dashed into the garage and succeeded in dragging out a drum of blazing oil, and then played on the fire with a Pyrene until it was blown out of his hand by an explosion. On the arrival of the fire brigade the fire was ultimately extinguished, but the prompt action of the R.A.C. guide undoubtedly prevented the fire from gaining an early hold and spreading to the surrounding property.

The second example concerned a stolen car, the loss of which was reported to the Bournemouth police at approximately 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The police communicated with all outlying districts, including the R.A.C. guide stationed at Upton Cross Roads, giving a description of the stolen car. At 4 o'clock, just an hour later, the guide telephoned to the police that he had recognized the car, had stopped it, and had detained the driver, and by 4.30 p.m. the man was in custody.

The third example exhibits a presence of mind which probably saved a severe crash. The R.A.C. road guide at Stony Stratford noticing that the near-side front wheel of an approaching car was wobbling badly, signalled rapidly to the driver, and the car was brought to a standstill. On jacking the car up the wheel fell off! The guide was able to effect the necessary repairs, and the motorist proceeded safely on his way.

The fourth case concerned a car which was found abandoned by an R.A.C. guide near Bagshot. He proceeded to search the car and found that it belonged to a gentleman living near Andover. He had it towed to the police station, where it transpired that it had been stolen the previous evening. He thereupon communicated with the owner and arranged for the collection of the car that afternoon.

***A WORD OF WARNING.***—During the past summer, the R.A.C. has received a number of representations from county surveyors regarding the difficulties experienced whilst tar-spraying operations are in progress on busy roads. The principal trouble is that in many cases motorists are inclined to travel at normal touring speeds over surfaces which have been newly tarred, and upon which the chippings, laid to form a carpet, have not been thoroughly consolidated. The result is that the chippings are thrown aside, leaving large patches of wet tar completely exposed, and are also frequently flung against the sides of passing cars, causing a certain amount of damage to bodies and paint-work generally. It is in the interests of all road-users that when a road is being treated in the manner described it should be given every opportunity to set, and so provide satisfactory and lasting service. The R.A.C. is of the opinion that any speed of more than ten miles an hour over loose chippings on wet tar is detrimental to the surface of the road, and is also likely to cause damage to the driver's own car or to passing vehicles. A further point is that in most cases tarring and dressing are usually carried out on one half of the road width at a time, and vehicles passing at anything in the nature of high speeds are a source of danger to the workmen engaged on the remaining section of the road. In this connection the R.A.C. points out that tar splashes can be removed from car bodies, wings, etc., by the application of a little eucalyptus oil or benzole, although great care must be taken when using either of these that the paintwork itself is not injured. There are also a number of proprietary preparations on the market which can be safely recommended as tar removers.

***TRIUMPH.***—Alterations in Triumph design for the new season are practically confined to the bodywork, the chassis specification remaining unaltered. The number of types have been reduced from eleven to seven, and one of these is known as the Sports Gnat, and is an entirely new production. The prices of the touring cars are unchanged, but the saloons have been reduced by amounts varying from £5 to £17. Magneto-ignition is employed on the four-seater tourers and on the new Gnat, but the three saloon models and the two to four-seater *de luxe* are equipped with coil-ignition. These models have also a new kind of dipping head-light, a re-designed instrument panel, and finger-tip controls for the switches on top of the steering column. In the case of the four-seater tourer the front wings are now domed.

**Avoiding the "Slips":** Mr. Herbert Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire and All-England cricketer, again shows his remarkable judgment in selecting a 16-h.p. Sunbeam Weymann saloon. The car was supplied to him through C. R. Andrews (Motors) Ltd., of Berkeley Street

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A number of minor modifications have, during the current year, been introduced into both chassis in accordance with the usual Rolls-Royce practice. These give greater refinement and still further improved performance.

*The 20/25 h.p. chassis is now available with longer wheel base and body frame, together with increased rake to steering column and larger steering wheel.*

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# SIESTA IN BIRDLAND:

## A September Nature Note by MURIEL HAYWOOD

At this season there is a pause in the activities of the world of birds. It is, as it were, the interval in that wonderful pageant of bird-life which is repeated year by year. During the past few months they have lived every moment of their lives; they have eaten and drunk of nectar and ambrosia from the heights of Olympus in their joyous ecstasy. And now has come the time when the reaction sets in. A lassitude falls upon them; and their one desire is towards repose.

Nature has spread a bountiful table before them; thus they have no cares in that respect. The rowan trees are ablaze with scarlet berries; the rosy blush of the hazel nuts is fast deepening into a richer tint; the brambles carry a plenteous store of purple fruit ripening in the mellow sunshine. Hither and thither flit innumerable insects and ghostly, small white moths. They are free of the responsibilities of family life. Their children have either been launched into the world or else, in the rarer event of their still remaining with their parents, they are now of an age to be independent and can forage for themselves.

Some time has now elapsed since silence fell upon the rich notes of blackbird and thrush—upon those varied and lovely songs which made musical the spring and summer days. However silence is short-lived in the bird world; many are the small, sweet voices to be heard as the weeks pass by, and autumn flushes her colours across the countryside—her russet and gold, her crimson and amethyst. The birds are very weary now, very sleepy. They pass the greater part of their days drowsily perched on a low-growing branch or else down amongst the undergrowth. Always in some retired shady spot, where they sleep and dream the hours away; and through this perfect relaxation and repose, they regain their health and strength. They are all in various stages of moulting—losing their feathers, tails and all so that they look day by day more and more dishevelled.

They have a very great antipathy — not being peculiar in this — to being seen in their shabby, faded suits. Therefore they avoid observation as much as possible during this period. Feathers of all shades are to be found lying about everywhere, but with an astonishing rapidity do the new ones grow.

Meanwhile the birds rest and dream, whilst renewed vigour returns to them and their new plumage develops. They have great need of this period of recuperation; before them is the severe test of the winter months and it is imperative that they should be in perfect condition in order to face the possible rigours of a hard, frost-bound season. However, some of the birds are still pursuing a fairly active life. The warblers flit about in their airy-fairy way in restless movements here, there, and everywhere, pausing "upon their yellow flutterings" amongst the tall bracken and sweet-scented gorse bushes. Soon they will leave us as the days shorten, and then at their journey's end will come for them also the siesta time, but that will not be for many weeks yet.

Just now the robin song predominates; that is to say, in the morning and late afternoon. Also the astoundingly forceful voice of that very minute personage, the wren, is to be heard frequently.

> The robin and the wren
> God's cock and hen,

as the country people call them. But even they are silent about the midday hours. That is the time when all birds repose, when they withdraw to their secret places amid the fragrant, green twilight of the leafy shades behind those gossamer curtains the spiders have been so industriously weaving. And so the rich autumn days pass by, those days of "mist and mellow fruitfulness," slumbrous and peaceful.

*"A STOAT'S ARBOREAL LEAP": A shutter-synchronized flashlight impression of a stoat taken in action at about 1/2000th of a second. This picture was obtained by Mr. J. A. Speed*

High-perched amongst the pine trees sits the wood-pigeon, crooning his dreamy lullabies. Towards the close of day, there is a stir in the bird world. The tits ring their silvery bells and clitter-clatter about the branches, calling to one another in quaint and tinkling notes; and, in the forest, the woodpecker chuckles merrily at his own private little jokes, as he hurries from tree to tree, searching for his evening meal.

And the bullfinch sighs softly, as he pecks at the rowan berries, in his faded, pink waistcoat and rusty coat.

And when all have eaten their fill—which, in all probability consists of a very light supper indeed, for they have but small appetites at this time—their thoughts turn again to their autumnal slumbers.

And very soon the small voices are hushed; heads are tucked snugly under wings, and the Feathered People have drifted away, back again into the arms of that blessed sleep, which is slowly but surely restoring to them that strength and vitality of which the strenuous life of the past few months has temporarily deprived them.


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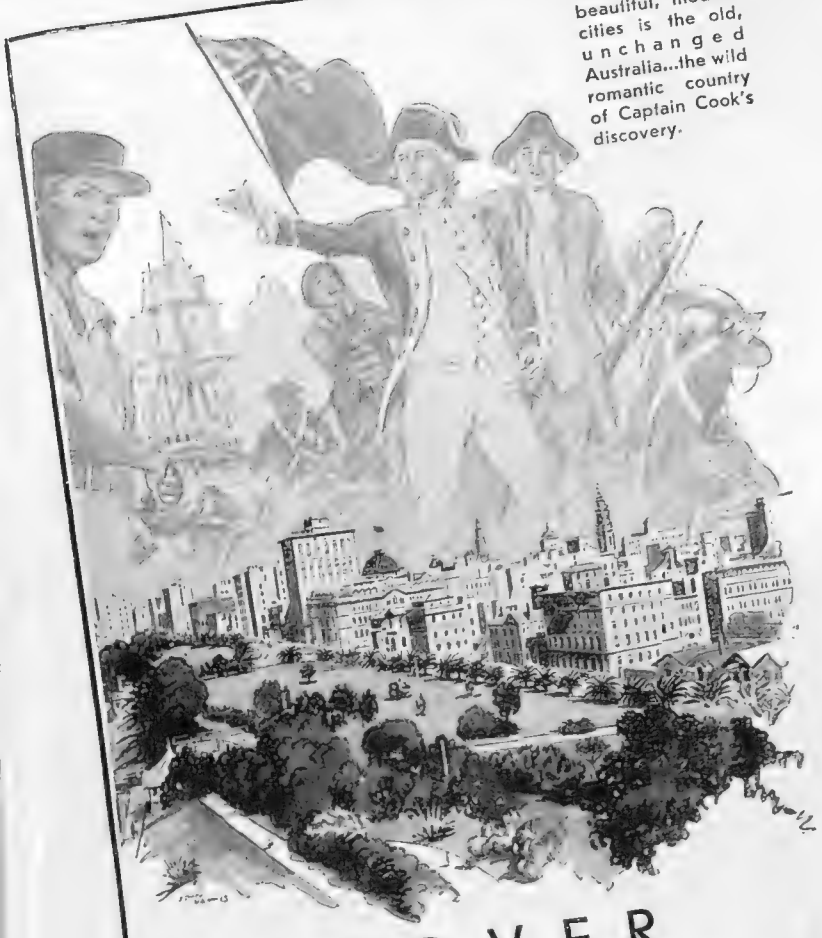

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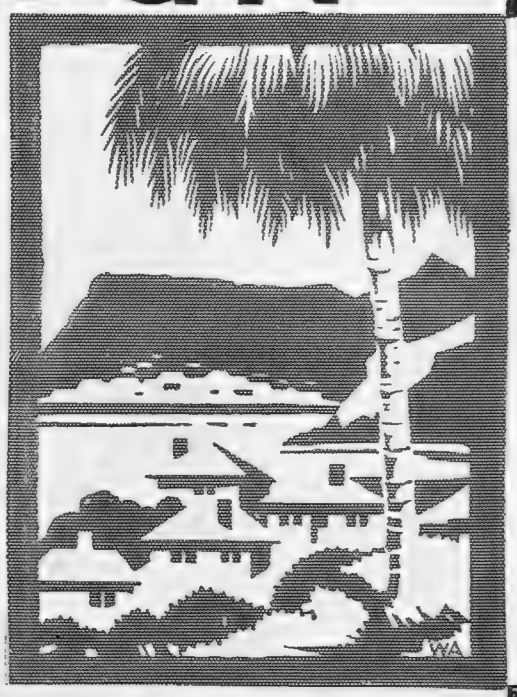

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR
TOURS to
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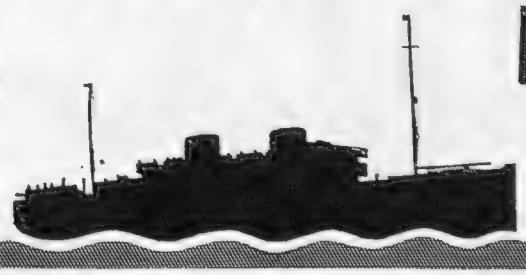

# BRAINS AND EXPLOSIVES AT GENEVA

(*Continued from p.* 535)

In the wings at Geneva two penetrating beliefs are: That full-bodied disarmament prior to Revision and the appeasement it would bring is most difficult; and that any Economic Federation of Europe worth while will be a precarious structure in the absence of such Revision. Useful stopgap palliatives can be fashioned, and that is what we are trying to do, for in the last analysis to secure security we shall have to get out our maps.

A concluding glance at the *coulisses* (in which charming visions are increasing (appropriately) by leaps and bounds, correspondresses, secretaries, aides, and keen young things who have wangled a way in) ——.

Each year provides its characters, its fresh faces, its cliques; its pessimism (a distinctly sombre year, this), buoyancy, cynicism, Summer Schoolism; its "incidents," personalia, leakage of news, trial balloons; its rumours, prognostications, jockeying, malice, misrepresentation (decreasing rapidly). The French are the chief intriguers, forever pussyfooting around "gaining suffrages" and finding people *contre* them. The Germans, more composed, are very sure of themselves, know who their friends are. Ourselves, as ever, are quietly aloof—and wirepulling. The Italians snipe and decry to order. The Americans notice a pronounced waning of their influence (Wall Street largely: almighty dollar in difficulties). And the little nations are all temporarily tall—like those giant plants of a night. For study of type and temperament you could not touch this greatest of cosmopolitan clubs which meets once a year, and that now commences to have its law and tradition.

It would be quite wrong to imagine the League doesn't matter. If it doesn't, then Europe's chief writers don't matter either. Not to mention twenty-three Foreign Ministers. The League, one thing we got out of the War, is approaching its most vital period, to live or fall.

Meanwhile Geneva provides the most wonderful *Salle des Pas Perdus* the world has ever seen—a ceaseless circulating throng of widely-known people and pens, most possessed of an amazingly intricate knowledge, now doubting, now expounding, now swopping good stories, past or present, now holding forth on Article 16 or 8, now flirting behind pillars, now debating Secretariat posts or the latest Session or hotel *séance*, now retiring in twos and threes into corners to exchange "the dope."

# ITEMS OF INTEREST

## C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.

At Stand No. 350, in the Grand Hall Gallery in the forthcoming Motor Show the All-British firm of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., will exhibit the full range of their famous Castrol oils and greases. This year, as usual, Castrol has been conspicuously successful in speed and endurance events, and is now recommended by 239 leading motor manufacturers. Five new Wakefield products will be shown—Castrol "Swanshot St," a remarkable modern gear oil which remains fluid at 10 deg. below freezing point, and is specially prepared for oil-tight gear-boxes, rear axles, and for many central and one-shot lubrication systems. Castrol "Unijoynt" compound is for use in universal joints requiring grease and is approved by Messrs. Hardy Spicer, Ltd., for their very popular joints. Castrol "Hypoy" compound has been prepared for the very arduous duty of lubricating Hypoyd gears. "Castraulic" is a first-class operating fluid for hydraulic brakes. For chassis lubrication by oil gun the Wakefield patent oil gun has been produced. This is 16½ in. long, very simple to fill and to operate, developing very high pressures. Wakefield Castrol lubrication experts will be in constant attendance to advise on all motoring lubrication problems, and will present to owners of well-known cars a specially prepared lubrication chart and a copy of the very practical thirty-six page booklet, *Motor-Car Lubrication Simply Explained*, and another brochure, *Across Europe in a Vauxhall*, by Colonel P. T. Etherton.

A BEAUTY SPOT OF SWITZERLAND: The Fafleralp Oratory in the Loetschental in the Vallais. It is popular with British visitors as a centre for the many varied excursions abounding in the neighbourhood

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS IN EGYPT: King Albert at the Heliopolis Palace Hotel during his recent visit to the land of the Pharaohs

## MORE FREE GIFTS FROM BOURNVILLE

Yet another important business house is offering a host of free gifts in exchange for coupons. Messrs. Cadburys of Bournville announce an important extension of their gift scheme for Bournville cocoa. The new list of over fifty presents covers a wide range of useful household articles as well as the popular Cadbury chocolates. A feature of the Bournville scheme is the high value of the coupon, only twenty-eight, for instance, being required for a genuine thermos vacuum flask, fifteen for one of a large selection of gramophone records, and twenty-two for a pair of artificial silk stockings. At the same time Bournville cocoa is reduced in price to 6d. per ¼-lb. tin. The high quality for which it is renowned remains unchanged.

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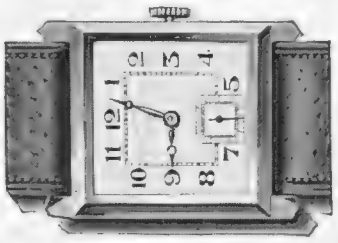

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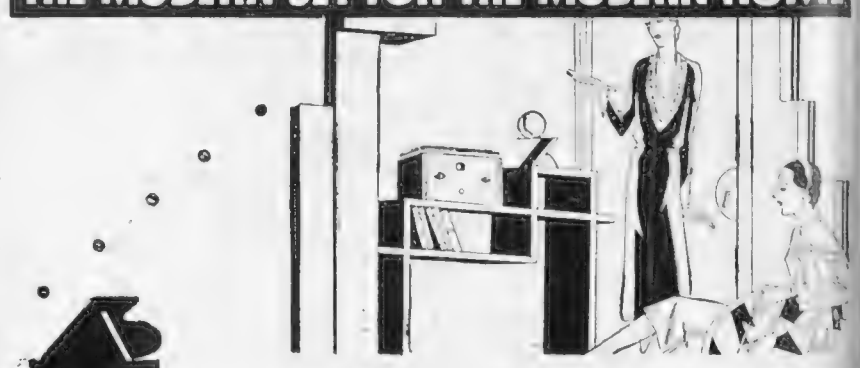

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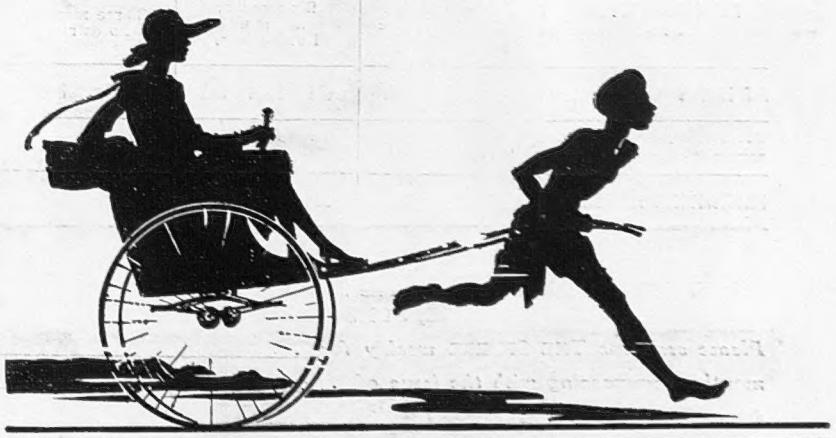

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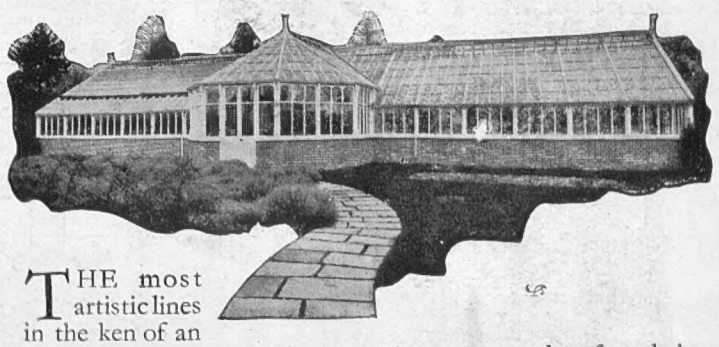

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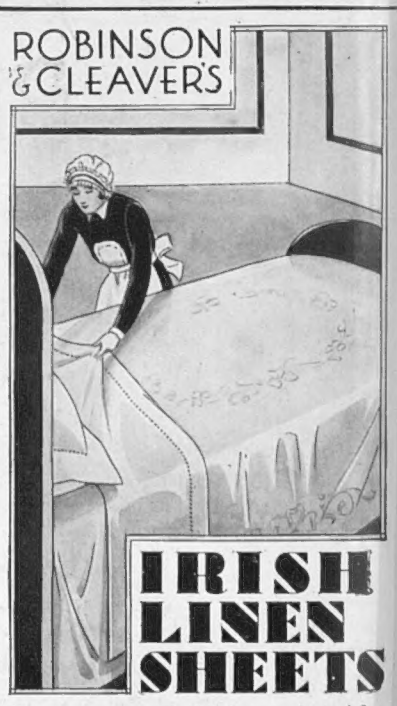

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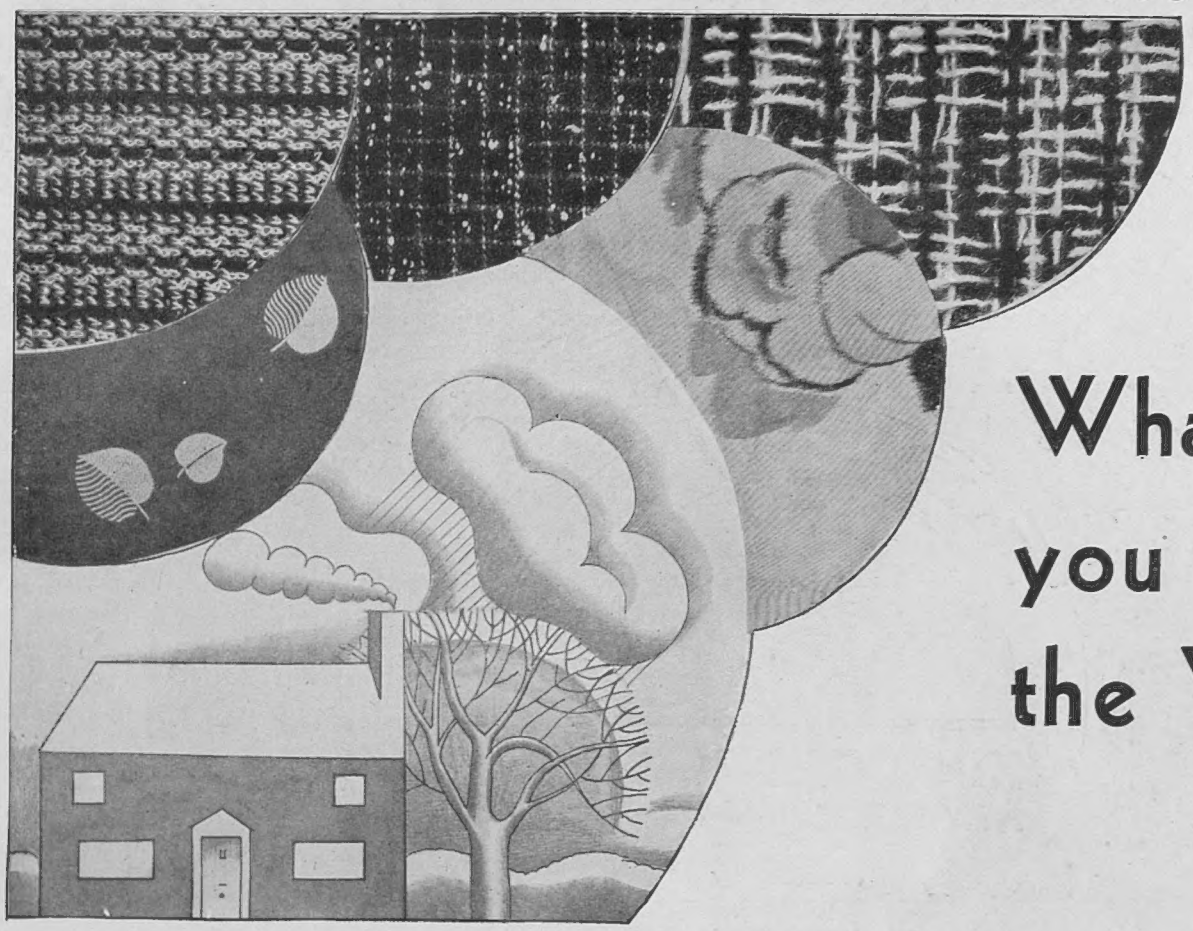

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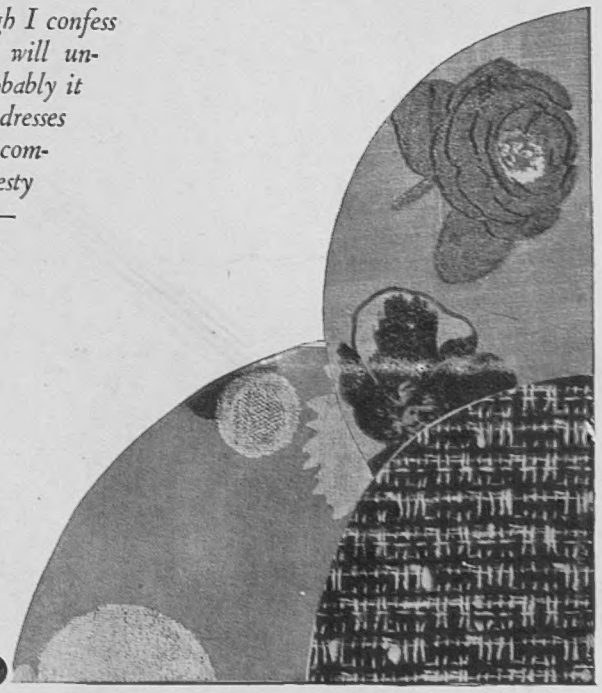
*"You may still be on your holidays, but I am not. You are probably still bathing, golfing and walking aimlessly on moors or cliffs, but I am in town and have already seen 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street' (although I confess that I had to journey as far as Malvern to see them !). But you will undoubtedly visit them in their London home as soon as you return. Probably it is warm, and the sun is shining and you are wearing those sleeveless dresses which belie all the hard things said about our retrograde fashions, or those comfortable shorts which refute the still harder remarks made about the mock modesty of our race. But I can tell you what you will be wearing at Christmas time—and, believe me, you will look charming—for by special permission I have been allowed to see the collections of the big dressmakers in Paris.*

*By the time these words are in print I shall know the secrets of next season, but the special facilities granted to me as representative of BRITANNIA AND EVE are permitted only on the understanding that no word of what is seen shall appear before a certain date. The September issue contains all I know —you really must get it . . . ."*



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